The SPHERE

Vol. CXXI. No. 1583 MAY 24, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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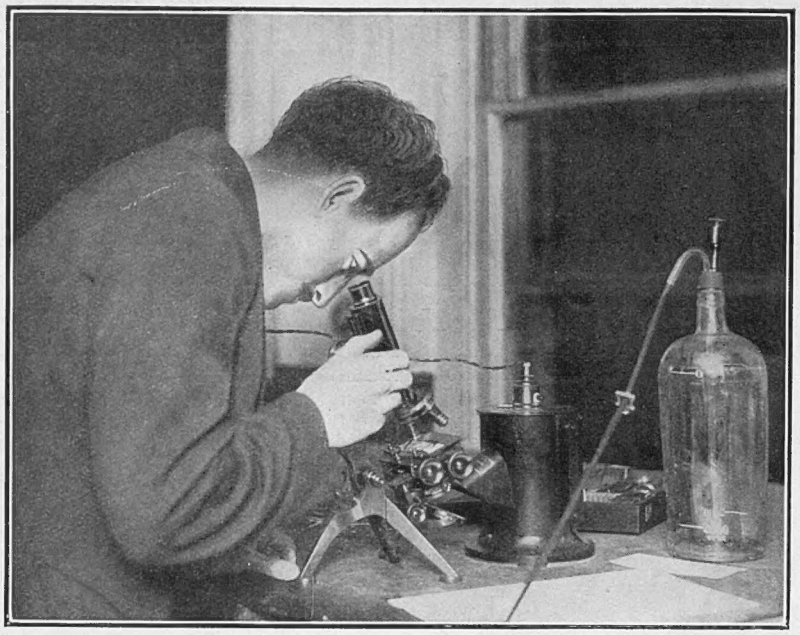

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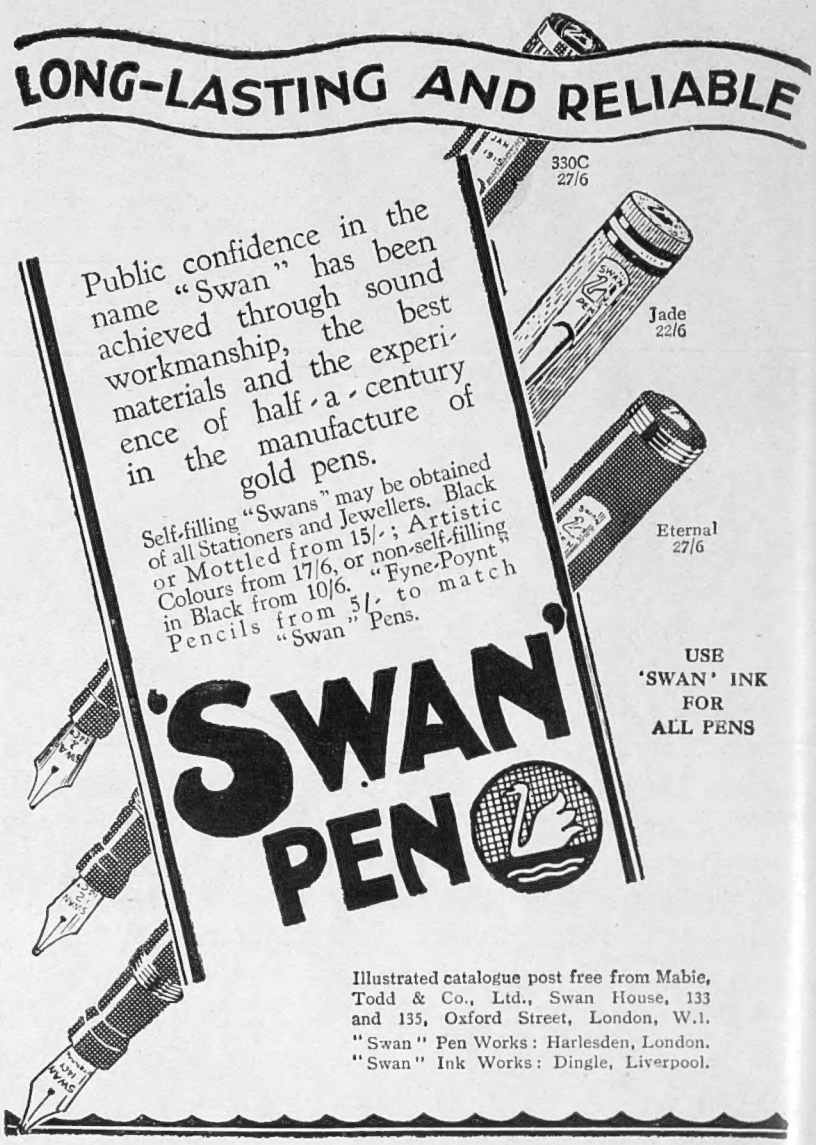

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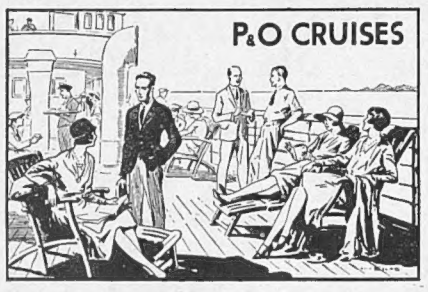

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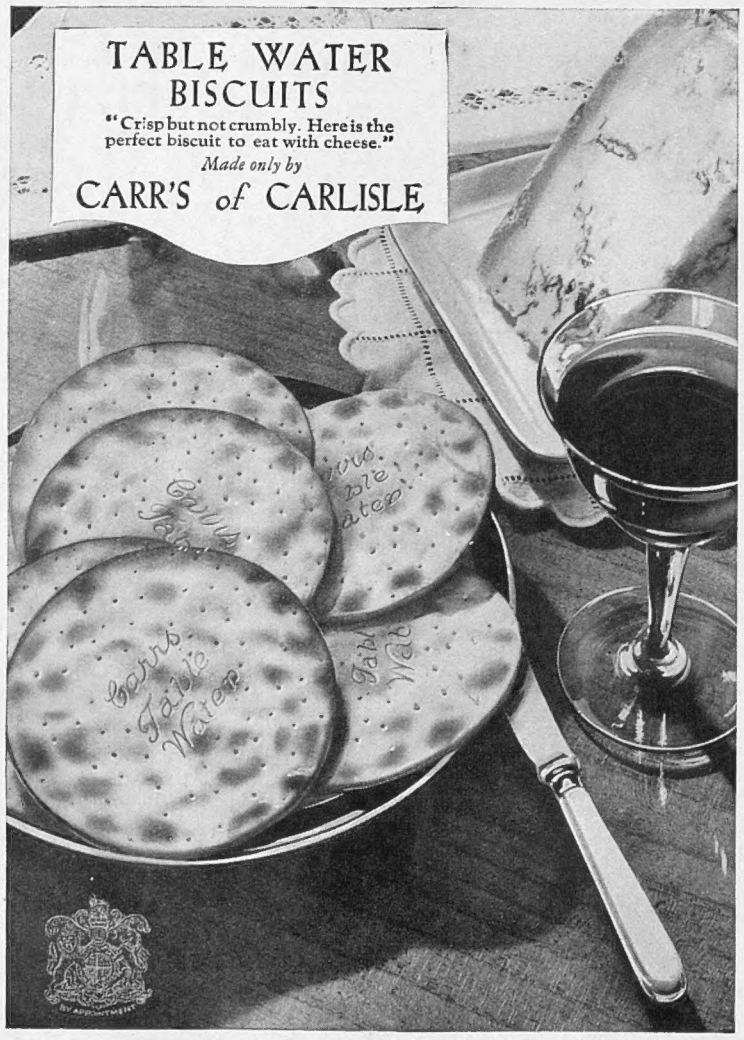

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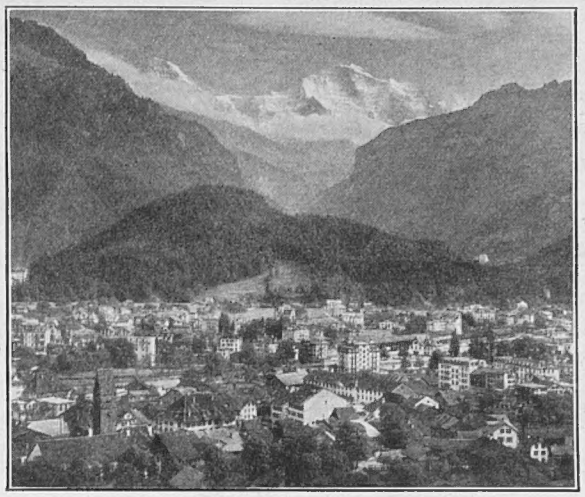

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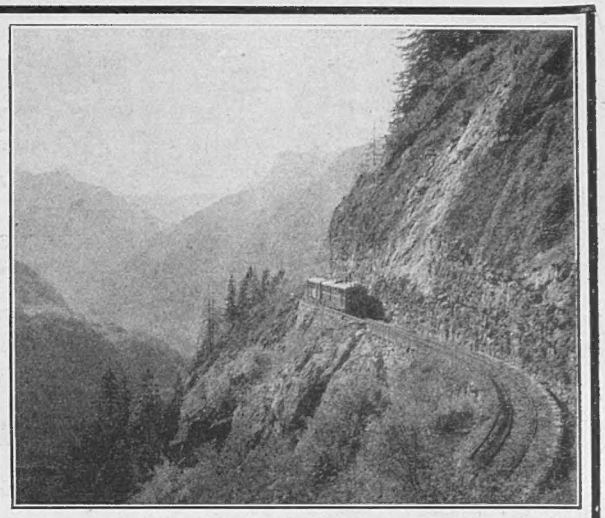

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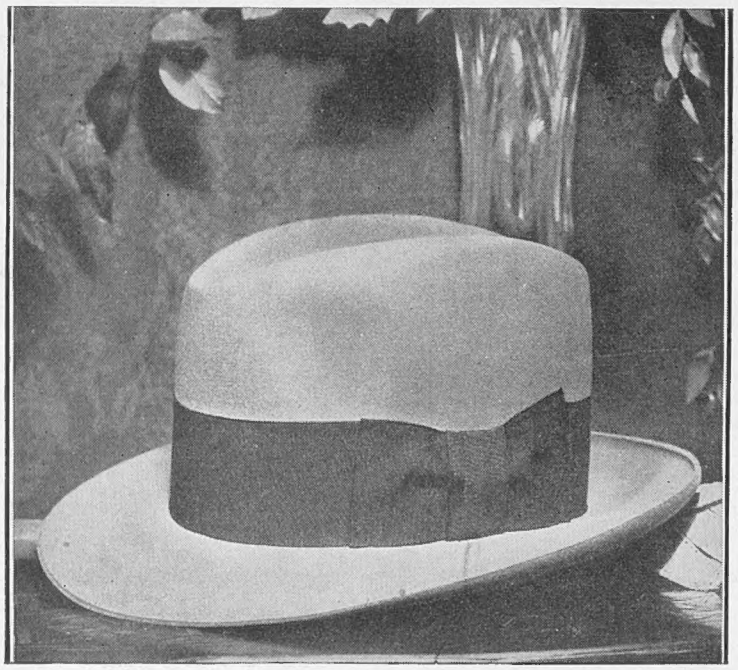

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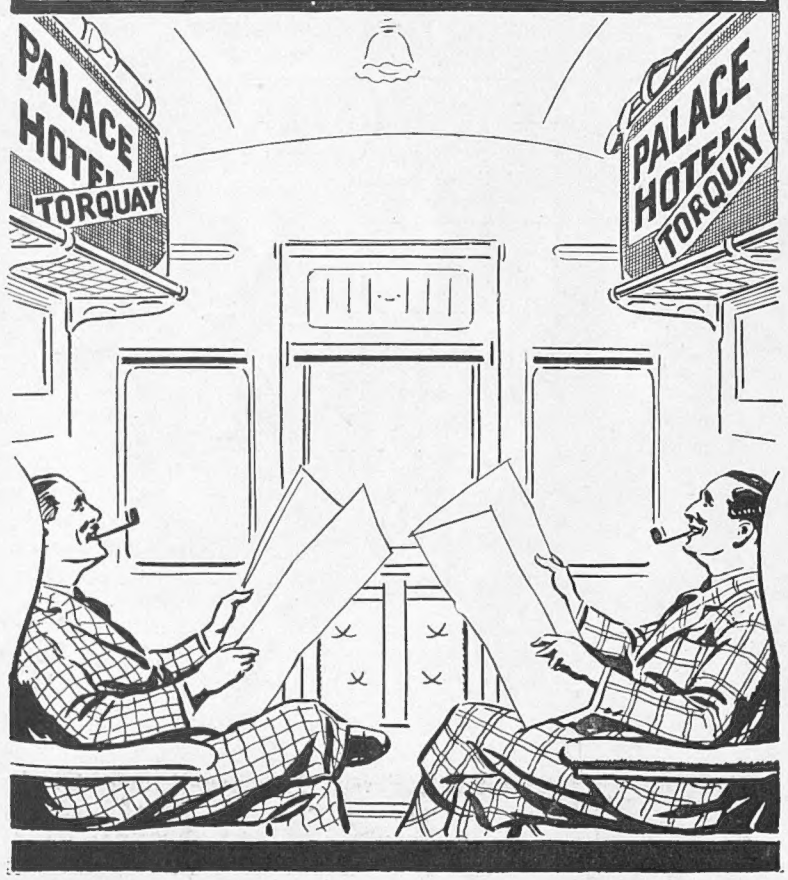

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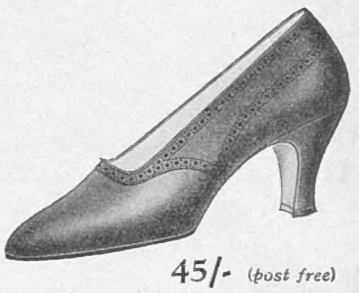

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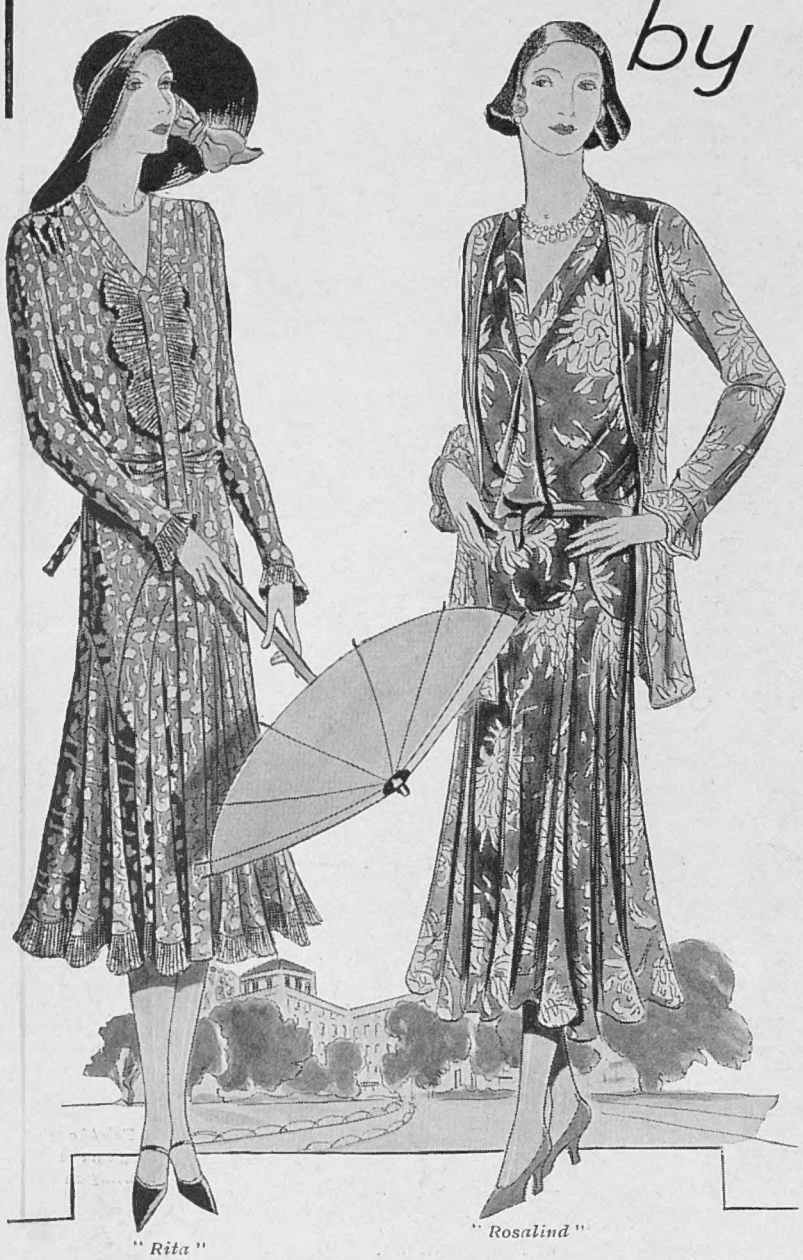

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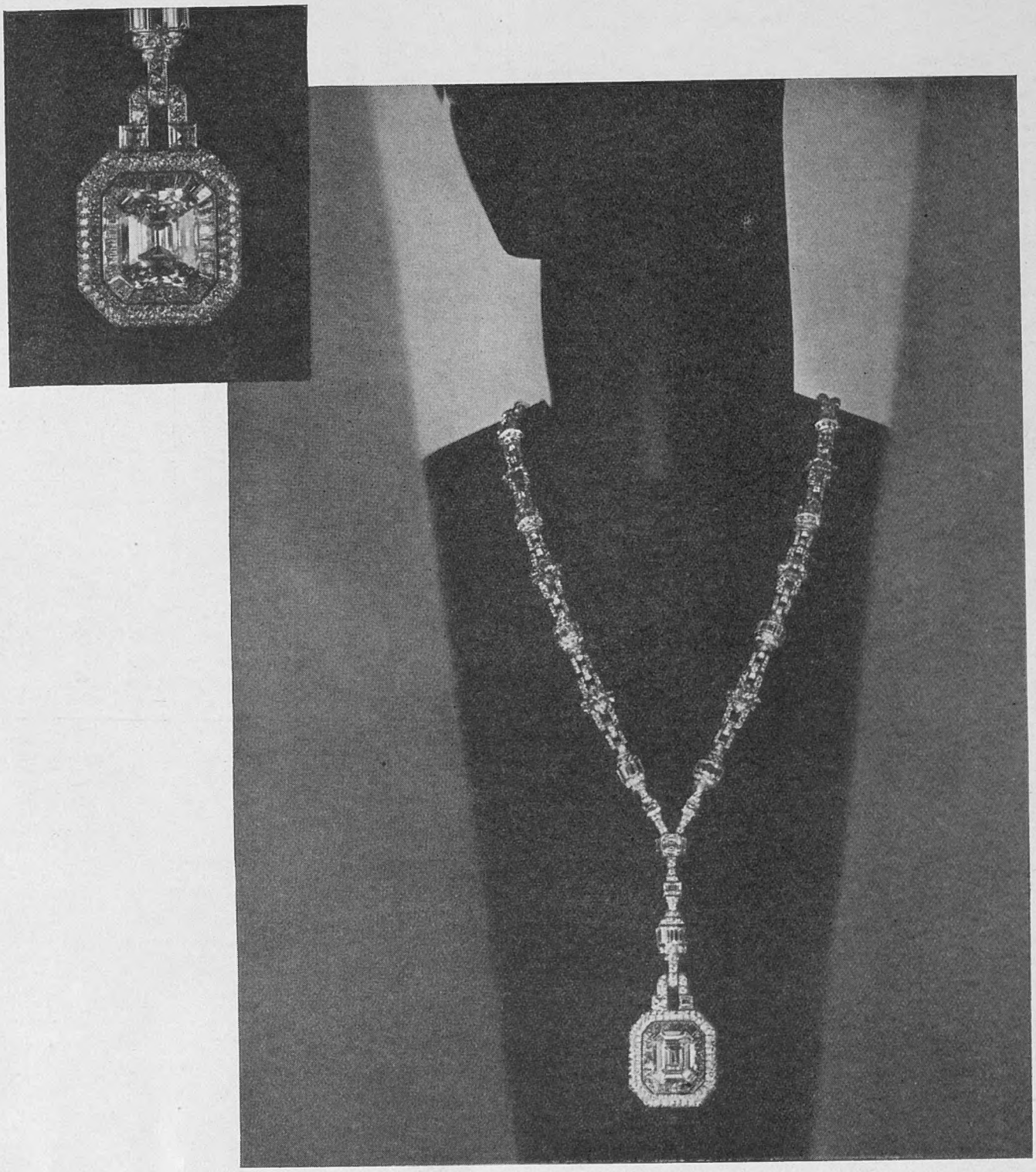

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HOT WORK in the ANTARCTIC with Admiral Byrd

The South Polar Regions, more frigid even than those of the North Pole, are, one would think, scarcely conducive to exiguous clothing even in the performance of strenuous work. The Byrd Expedition however found it far otherwise. During the long burst of sunshine appreciable heat was felt—as, with zero weather in Switzerland skiers get drenched in perspiration—and the group, seen above, digging out the photographic laboratory, worked stripped to the waist. So soon as work was stopped, heavy "parkas" were donned. The Burberrys of the Scott Expedition were replaced by furs in Little America.

A London Newsletter.

PRICE £18,500: An "unrecorded" Rembrandt, dated 1628, sold at Sotheby's last week. It comes from the collection of the late Mr. George Folitt of Vicar's Cross, Chester. It is in tones of brown and belongs to the "later" period

INVERESK HOUSE, W.C., STRAND,
Wednesday, May 21, 1930.

Courage in Politics.—Grandpapa, when he entered politics, feared not to speak his mind. He held his seat—he was one of the two members returned for Rottenbury-Abbas—by favour of the Duke of Omnium. He never clapped eyes on his twelve electors, who would as soon have cut their throats as disregard his Grace's instructions. So Grandpapa said what he thought and damned the consequences and his free and independent electors. Mr. Churchill is essentially a straggler from that age. He loathes Socialism and says so. He is a junker, a big Navy man, and sees no reason to conceal the fact. He rides well in the whirlwind, and does not fear to raise a storm. There are dozens of Conservatives who feel like Mr. Churchill that we are sacrificing the safety of our Empire to give America the right to boast that she beat us in a bargain. They do not anticipate any great World War in our time. They do believe that the armed forces of the Empire to-day are below the minimum which may be needed to ensure the preservation of the Empire.

The Secret Document.—Personally, I feel that the first great gesture of self-sacrifice should properly come from Britain, the leading naval power of yesterday; just as I believe that in domestic politics the first gesture towards accepting a lower standard of living in the cause of economy should come from the top. But I respect the opinions of die-hards. What hypocrisy to feel patriotically opposed to the Naval Treaty and then to sit on the fence and pick your words of criticism for fear of being convicted of luke-warmness in the new spirit of peace! Of course we desire above all things friendship with America. We want it as much as we want Empire security. But I do not believe that, if for example we had wiped the floor at Sandwich last week with the Walker Cup team, Bobby Jones and his braves would have refused to play in our yard again. As regards Mr. Churchill's quotation from a confidential document, his action has undoubtedly rendered obsolete one of our official cipher codes. Yet how the gods must have shaken Olympus with their laughter! The politicians out of office used to tumble over each other to be first in the field with secret documents to impart a little life into their War Reminiscences. They leap on Mr. Churchill when he quotes from such a document from an honestly patriotic motive and on a privileged occasion. Then they freely admit that if he had paraphrased instead of quoting the document he would not have transgressed the ridiculous code which governs the conduct of our governors. The roofs of Westminster cover a deal of cowardice and hypocrisy.

Empire Day.—Empire Day falls on Saturday. The annual celebration was nursed to vigour by the energy and enthusiasm of old Lord Meath, and had just come to possess a symbolic value of high importance as an annual reminder to a nation too much preoccupied with its own backyard that they know little of England who only Balham know. And now, crash! The Government's anti-militarist campaign has opened fire. You may declare that the pomps and panoplies of War have nothing whatever to do with the Empire, and that some samples of grain and a barrow-load of manufactured articles are better stock-in-trade for such a celebration than flags and uniforms. But you will say it without conviction. The flag is a symbol alike of Empire and of arms, and our Empire is inextricably linked in memory with noble deeds of heroism wrought by men in uniform. The Empire which we destine to become the greatest confederation in the cause of world peace was won by arms and (it seems as clear to-day as ever it seemed) cannot yet be held together for its great destiny without the periodic rattling of the sabre. It will be an ill day for the future of England when Kipling and Fletcher's *History of England* is banned as a school text-book. Neither we nor our children will see the high noon of the age of conferences, and we shall gain nothing by refusal to face the facts of our own age.

Grave and Gay.—While their daughters queued up in the Mall outside Buckingham Palace to make a nursemaid's holiday, the great bankers fed Mr. Snowden and then listened to his roaring. And he "roared them as gently as any sucking-dove." These are Mr. Snowden's post-prandial points and pointers, following the Bankers' Association dinner:

(1) Trade depression is not confined to England. American exports are down 20 per cent. this quarter. Her unemployment crisis is worse than ours. Germany has a million more men out of employment than a year ago. In Tokyo 1,000 factories closed last month.
(2) The cause is an appalling fall in world prices and a "lag between wholesale and retail prices." [Here the bankers looked wise.]
(3) Concerning the mysteries of finance and credit there is a common ignorance. [Here the bankers thumped on the table.]
(4) It is shared by great economists and financiers. [Here the bankers looked pained.]
(5) When prices reach rockbottom, there will be a lightning trade recovery. [The bankers smiled again.]
(6) When will that be? [The bankers clearly heard a pin drop.]
(7) "I do not know." [The bankers collapsed like pricked balloons.]

It was a great night, a feast of wisdom and a flow of soul.

The Parks.—Every dog has his day and justice decrees that one London Park must not be favoured at the expense of another. For years Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens have been in May and June the chief glory of the capital. Nature is principally responsible for Kensington Gardens, the genius of man for Hyde Park. Hyde Park this summer is in eclipse. The lawns near Hyde Park Corner are still a joy to the eye because green grass and rhododendrons can laugh at man's neglect. But Lancaster Gate is sadly disappointing, and the Office of Works have laid down more bricks than bulbs in Hyde Park this year. But St. James's Park has reaped the benefit, and never was the Birdcage Walk area more glorious than now. It is a trade show as well as a beauty show, and those who now learn the value of the tulip as a garden maker should bear in mind that these bulbs are British-grown. Mr. Lloyd George appreciates the tulip. I went last week to Bron-y-De, his house at Churt, and saw one of the loveliest spring gardens in all England. Nature and man, hand in hand, have triumphed there, and the tulip—thousands on thousands of 'em—has done the trick. Once more, the year's best literature has been published—*The London Parks Bird Sanctuaries Report*. A little auk, storm-driven, took refuge on the Round Pond and was grossly ill-used by the ducks. It died five days later of its injuries in the Zoo hospital. Nature is more cruel than man. The bagged fox, foolishly released in Hyde Park in 1928, was found dead in April, 1929. It created havoc among the ducks and pheasants. A wild pochard reared a family of five on Duck Island.

Significance of Amy Johnson.—In Miss Amy Johnson I see something more than a triumphant specimen of the girlhood of to-day, of emancipated womanhood, of the great middle-class which is the backbone of England and has on the whole gained more than any other class from the progress of the last twenty years. I see in her the herald who announces the definite arrival of two tremendous facts in social history, the physical superiority of the female sex, and the beginning of the air age. These two unrelated events are destined to fall on us coincidently, and I do not believe that the Reformation, the Renaissance, or the inventions of printing or machinery, bulk more important in our history than will these two newly evolved changes. If you question the physical superiority of the female over the male to-day, essay a simple and depressing experiment. Walk with me next Saturday at one o'clock down the Strand. We will make a journey eastward from Charing Cross to Wellington Street. On the walk we will observe every male who passes us. I will pay you a sovereign for every face which we mutually agree (I can afford to be honest with you) contains reasonable evidence of health, vigour, keenness, high ideals, and nobility of character and stands over 5 ft. 6 in. above the pavement. You shall pay me a penny for every face that fails to meet our conditions. If the dingy street is as crowded as normally it is, the share-out will be on you.

The Air Age.—As for the coming of the air age, what need have we of further witness? The whispers of the few have become the common acceptance of the many. Young men and women with money no longer speak of the day when they will fly their own aeroplanes. They actually own them. There are boys at school perfectly capable of flying alone to Bagdad. The *jeunesse dorée* flies to its week-end haunts, to Paris-Plage, Deauville, Scotland and Paris. There are young men in the City who "work up and down during the summer" from Warwickshire or Norfolk. A crowd of young men and maidens pass their Easter or Whitsun holidays "doing Europe" in a covey, a flight, a gaggle or a tintinabulation—the aggregation noun for a crowd of aeroplanes has yet to be invented. Air sense is insidiously implanted in our children. It is nothing to them to cleave their way to a pin-point on the map of Persia through fog and darkness, with a 100-yard margin of error. Claustrophobia, agoraphobia, nameless fears, superstitious awe, sense of loneliness, these nervous frailties are wiped clean out of their minds. The sense of permanence, the blessings of security, the charms of dawdling, the joys of quiet contemplation, these things, the prizes of a happy life to us, are anathema to them. Amy Johnson stands an angel with a flaming sword before the gateway of the only Eden the old stagers will ever know. And while I praise her, I fear her and deplore her. At least we may justly claim (perhaps for the last time) that man laid down the road she triumphs on.

Holyrood.—The presence of a Prime Minister at Holyrood when the High Commissioner to the General Assembly is holding his "high and disposéd" revels is, I think, a rare occurrence, if not unique. Mr. James Brown achieves this record, and it is worth observing that the Labour Party are particularly good at helping and encouraging one another in the duties of office. Not that Mr. Brown lacked encouragement during his first venture. People experienced in the Holyrood business did everything possible to make the way easy for the first Socialist and first commoner to hold that office. For years the annual duties were splendidly discharged by the late Lord Leven and Melville; once by Lord Colebrooke; once or twice by Lord Stair and Lord Elgin; last year by the Duke of York. A good deal of the success and splendour of the ceremonies depends on the initiative and purse of the King's representative. The most important part of the duties falls on the High Commissioner's lady, and on the lady-in-waiting and maids of honour. And during the past twenty-five years these latter posts have been most efficiently filled. For the maids-of-honour Edinburgh is an agreeable interlude in the London Season.

Say Not the Struggle . . .—Like every journalist with a conscience I am sometimes stricken at the thought of the inevitable repetition of my themes. And with every visitation of conscience comes a healing proof that repetition is the only successful form of propaganda. The British public, like every other mass, is slow to move to action. But hammering on, even British oak is pierced at last. It has taken years to awake the British public to the danger threatening the beauties of our countryside. Now at long last signs are not wanting that it is definitely awake to this menace. Protection societies are springing up on every side, acts of vandalism are at last instantly reported and condemned.

Stealing our Wind.—I was just preparing to turn my stiff neck heavenward to admire the progress to Canada of *R 100* when the Zepp. passed over bound for South America, with Lady Drummond-Hay leaning out across the bar of Heaven, preparing her half-hourly bulletins. The thing gave me a nasty feeling that the Germans have nipped in and stolen our wind and left *Britannia* flapping and becalmed. But Miss Johnson is ours. I am thankful at least for that.

An Unexplored Mine.—The chance discovery of a new "Shakespeare document" in the Record Office has thrown a little beam of publicity on one of our most enchanting and least frequented museums. I believe it is a sign of sentimentality and weakness in my composition that I am so constantly drawn to Fetter Lane, between appointments in Fleet Street. The truth is that history does at last wake up and stretch for me when I can read the very same letter which Drake dashed off on board ship during the heat of the Armada battle and can study at ease the Doomsday Book and two hours later finger the trunk of some mighty tree in Sussex therein catalogued. There is a letter there which all Americans now in Britain would enjoy reading. It is George Washington's last effort to keep America in the British Empire!

THE OLD STAGER.

CHAMPION AT NINETEEN: Miss Diana Fishwick, who defeated Miss Glenna Gollett, the U.S.A. champion by 4 and 3 at Formby, with the huge championship cup

THE COURTS of MAY

MISS E. EDWARDS, who favoured a tight Victorian bouquet of mixed flowers and a narrow diamanté head-band. Miss Edwards is an American debutante who was presented by Mrs. Charles Dawes, the wife of the U.S. Ambassador

MISS C. BLUNDELL whose head-dress was a broidery of pearls. She carried a fan instead of the "inevitable" bouquet

MRS. JOHN GATTI and MISS ELAINE GATTI, one with a floral head-dress in diamanté and the other with a classical tiara. Mrs. Gatti wore ivory lace embroidered with crystal beads—a design of arum lilies

MISS BLUE THOMPSON, an Australian debutante, the daughter of Senator Brigadier-General Thompson, undergoes a conventional ritual

LADY BEATRICE CADOGAN, whose feathers were worn unsupported

MISS WILLMA PALMER CHAPMAN, whose delicate head-dress was exceedingly becoming, sits surrounded by flowers

THE HON. ANGELA GREENWOOD, whose formal posy synchronized admirably with her lack of head-dress save for the inevitable feathers

MISS C. DORRANCE, who trailed clouds of glory with her fan

MISS WATSON whiles away the long and weary wait in the Mall with a newspaper

People that Count

The Hon. Mrs. David Tennant and her Son : A Psychometrist from Germany : A Pageant at San Remo : Miss Amy Johnson

QUEEN OF THE AIR : Miss Amy Johnson, whose heroic efforts to fly solo from England to Australia have focussed the attention of the world. She has achieved the popularity in Britain that Lindbergh attained in America. The latest news (at the time of writing) states that Miss Johnson in Java got off with only 6 ft. to spare before she would have gone head-on into a rice plantation

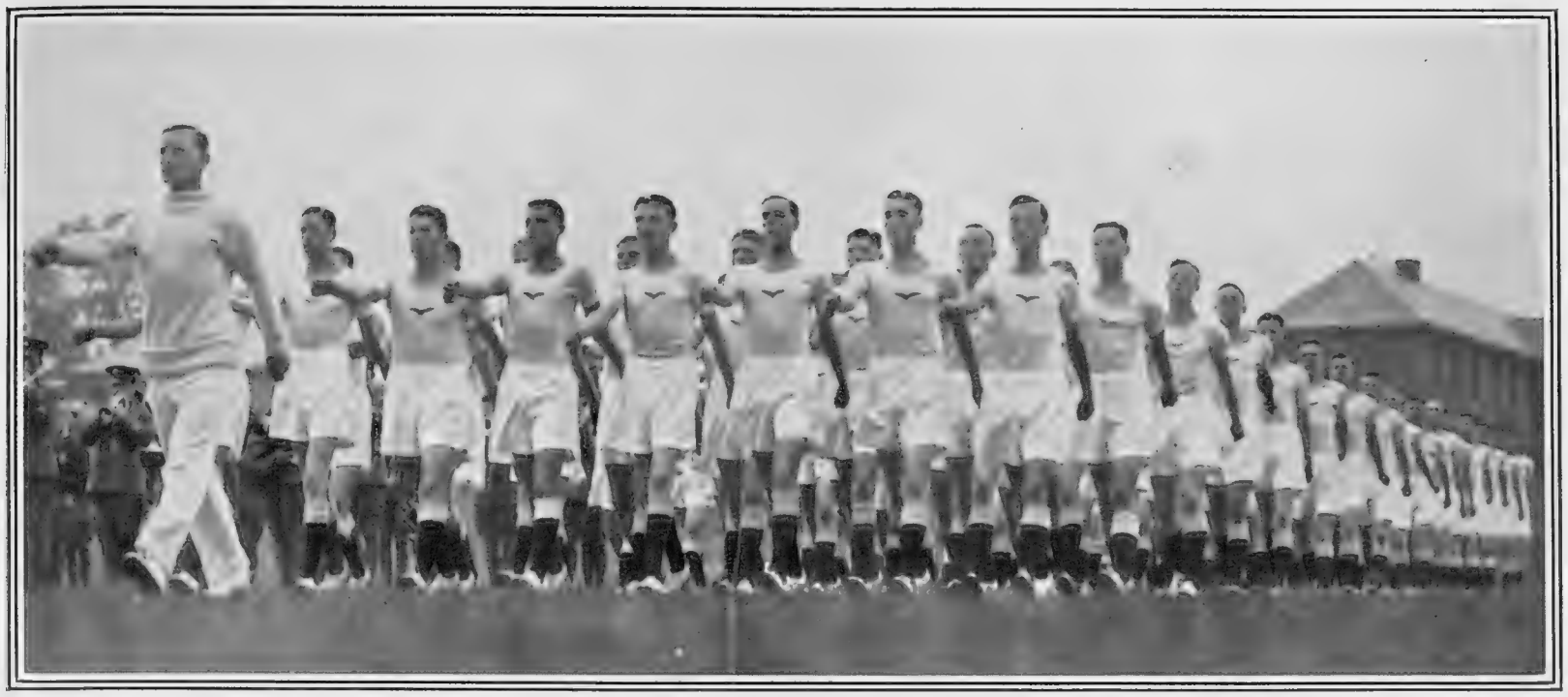
PAGEANT ON THE CONTINENT : Symbolic representations by Marchesa Louise Pianavia Viviedi, Signorina Jole Prada, Mme Neera Calegaris in the *Boscobello*, a feature of the San Remo season

PLAYING HER STAR PART : The Hon. Mrs. David Tennant (formerly Miss Hermione Baddeley) with her baby son. It is rumoured that Mrs. Tennant will soon be seen on the stage again

A LADY OF TWO WORLDS : Frau Lottie Plaat, the strange tall woman in the early 'thirties who has just arrived in London from Oldenberg. She is a psychometrist of distinction and, it is alleged, claims to be able, by holding some object cognate to the subject, to unravel crime, detect Old Masters, and hear the voices of medieval characters. Frau Plaat is seen above with Mr. Harry Price, the President of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research

PREPARING for the ROYAL TOURNAMENT

The Great Annual Pageant of the Services will be Held at Olympia from May 29 to June 14



MEN OF THE AIR PROVE EXPERT ON THE GROUND

Historical pageantry is not the only subject covered by the Royal Tournament, although an important one. At Uxbridge a squad of R.A.F. recruits, who have served only during the current year, have been rehearsing intensively for the physical training display. P.T. plays a great part in the development of the high standard set by the junior arm

MIMIC WAR UNDER SMOKE

In preparation for the Royal Tournament at Olympia, the Royal Naval Barracks, Plymouth, have been holding Field Gun and other competitions. A platoon in full kit is seen, having been ambushed, advancing under a smoke-screen

THE DUKE OF KENT AT THE HEAD OF HIS MEN

Queen Victoria's father, a son of Farmer George, rides at the head of a detachment of the Royal Fusiliers of the period of 1785 in the historical display now rehearsing for the great annual pageant at Olympia

DRUMMERS, WHITE AND BLACK

The Royal Fusiliers *(inter alia)* used, in the eighteenth century, to employ negro drummers from the West Indies

"In a dense cloud of smoke one caught a glimpse of a dancing hail of black bodies"

A LOCUST BATTLE

Trenches, Pits, and Flammenwerfer *Guard the Agriculture of the Near East*

By AN EYE-WITNESS

The whole of the Near East at the present time is very closely concerned with a locust invasion of far greater dimensions than any that has been experienced during the last century. These invasions occur normally every fifteen years, and it is supposed that for some unexplained reason the locusts, who are indigenous to Central Arabia and the desert areas of the Sudan, increase to such an extent in their barren homes that migration becomes imperative, and therefore of one accord the vast swarms, which have been doing no particular damage in the arid wastes of Arabia, suddenly proceed northwards, to create havoc in the cotton fields of Egypt and orange groves of Palestine.

At the present moment the three Governments most concerned—Egypt, Palestine, and Trans-Jordan—are waging an intensive warfare upon the pest in the hope that the invasion may be staved off before it reaches the cultivation. Flying swarms appeared as early as October last, and during the winter gangs of men have been destroying swarms by means of flame guns. Countless millions have been exterminated, but sufficient escaped to lay eggs, and the deserts of Sinai and Southern Palestine are in parts carpeted with small black hoppers—the young of the locust. The hopper, or nymph, is wingless for the first forty days of his life, and all the resources of the three Governments are being concentrated upon his complete extermination before he can take flight to the cultivation. Both Egypt and Palestine are almost entirely agricultural, and the destruction of the cotton crop of the former and the oranges of the latter would spell ruin for both countries.

There are three methods of exterminating the hopper, viz., poisoned bran, driving to trenches or barriers of tin, and the flame-gun—an adaptation of the flammenwerfer which the Germans first invented in 1915. The bran, which has to be laid in a damp condition, is effective only before the sun rises, as the deserts are now becoming extremely hot. It nevertheless accounts for millions, but chief reliance is placed upon the trenches and flame-guns.

South of El Arish, in Northern Sinai, several enormous swarms massed together last month and in a solid black mass began to move north-eastward. Arab scouts brought in news of their arrival, and the Egyptian Government at once put a battalion of the Egyptian Army and the Camel Corps at the disposal of the officer commanding operations. Three hundred soldiers were at once rushed off in lorries to the danger zone and were set to work to dig a trench a mile long to bar the advance of the insects. The desert at this spot was alternate stretches of sand and clay with here and there small patches of barley sown by the Arabs, and dotted over the whole expanse small bushes of dry scrub. The swarm was about *a mile wide and fifteen miles long* and resembled an undulating black carpet. Where there were hummocks on the surface of the soil the small black insects moved in the gullies in between in a solid column, and it was an awe-inspiring sight to see the relentless movement forward of countless millions of cultivation destroyers. They moved at a steady walk, but when a column lost distance there was a general hurrying up and the mass hopped strenuously till it had got in line again. One got the impression that the movement was well-ordered and that there was some controlling force that kept the mass moving in formation—moving on relentlessly to its mission of destruction.

The soldiers had been working furiously for an hour, and the trench was now a foot and a half deep, but it was obvious that reinforcements were required. A message was sent by a hastily constructed telephone line, and lorry-loads of Arab workmen were rushed out and set to work. Still the trench was not long enough to stem the swarm, and therefore gangs were told off to cut open empty four-gallon petrol tins and the flat sheets were stuck in the sand on either flank of the trench. By this means a barrier a mile long had been constructed in two hours, and it was not a moment too soon, as the advance guard of the hoppers were beginning to fall into the trench. Those that met the tin barrier hopped furiously against it two or three times and then, after a few ineffectual attempts to climb, turned inwards and marched in an ever-increasing column toward the trench. The edge of the trench was black with the insects falling like an inky waterfall, and in a few moments frantic shouts arose as in parts the trench had filled with insects and their comrades were using their bodies as a bridge.

"The guns—bring the guns," and the flame-thrower gangs came rushing up. The flame-thrower consists of a big brass cylinder that can be pumped up like a Primus stove, a length of rubber hose, an iron pipe, and at the nozzle end a rose burner that shoots a huge flame a matter of ten to fifteen feet. The weak spots in the trench were at once sprayed with flame—a frantic hopping movement followed, and in a second a solid mass of charred bodies covered the ground.

The men were then put on to shovel out the corpses and empty the trench to prepare for the next rush, when it became evident that the movement was checked and that the mass were now heading due west to skirt the barrier. The soldiers were doubled off at once to that flank to dig another trench, and a gang of fifty Arab boys were collected to stem the westward movement by sweeping the ground with palm branches.

It seemed incredible that the small insects, impelled by some blind migrating instinct that forced them to pour in a mass into a death-trap, should possess intelligence and a sense of danger. It was obvious, however, that the whole swarm had received notification of the danger ahead in some mysterious manner, for as far as the eye could reach one could detect the hopping movement that denoted anxiety and the rapid left wheel. Whistles and frantic shouting from the boys were proof that they were insufficient to hold the advancing line, and some of the soldiers were told to drop their shovels and hurry to the boys' assistance. Some grabbed empty paraffin tins which they beat whilst others, tearing branches off the scrub, swept the ground in front of them with yells of "Ah-ha, ah-ha." Then the Arab boys took up an improvised song, the chorus of which was "Idrabhum, ihrakhum-el garaat" ("Beat them, burn them—the locusts"). The din was deafening, but it was apparent that a noise was rather more effective for frightening the insects than beating the earth with branches, as the movement was definitely checked. Like the huge eddy in a millpool, the swarm swung round in front of the trench, following its edge, and continued the swinging movement as it met the yelling flank party, till it circled right round on to the main advance five hundred yards behind. Here there was a slight disturbance such as one sees when one river meets another, and then the main body carried them forward in a surging mass once more to the trench.

Camel Corps were then sent out to get behind the swarm, and in due course appeared and waved on a sand dune a mile away. This meant there was a square mile of doomed locusts advancing, and, estimating a modest 3,000 to a square yard, this meant a matter of ten thousand million—and the swarm being dealt with was merely one of thirty or so of like proportions in the Sinai desert.

When the advancing line of Camel Corps that denoted the end of the swarm were three hundred yards away, and everything appeared to be going according to plan, shouts arose all down the line that the trench was full and the locusts were crossing over it on the bodies of those beneath. The use of flame-guns would check the advance of the main body, but nothing else would deal with the situation. So the guns were rushed up and in a few moments the trench was a line of flickering red fire and black smoke, whilst the stench of charred flesh was almost insupportable.

The cascade of falling insects started again, this time like a curling wave, and all went well till the drivers were fifty yards from the trench, when the locusts counter-attacked! A huge black mass detached itself and went straight at the advancing line of soldiers. It was quite obvious that they knew death awaited them behind, and it was a forlorn hope to break through to safety. The soldiers danced, yelled, beat tins, and tried to sweep them back with their hands, but the attack was irresistible, and in a moment the locusts were through the line.

Nothing has such a demoralizing effect in warfare as an impetuous and well organized counter-attack at the moment when the assault appears to have succeeded. This sudden push broke the discipline of the troops who rushed to the assistance of those who were outnumbered, and in a moment the whole swarm were hopping furiously through the broken line. The shout went up for the guns—

> ". . . the 'usky whisper runs
> From lips that 'aven't drunk all day:
> 'The Guns. Thank Gawd, the Guns.'"

The flame-thrower party came rushing up, followed by their ammunition carriers with spare tins of paraffin, and in a moment the swarm were encircled by spurts of flame that swept across the open, followed by a line of charred bodies, and burst with a crackle into the scrub bushes, out of which fell a black mass of dead insects. Every three or four minutes the gunner with the cylinder strapped to his back would sit down and yell "Nafas"! (wind); his No. 2 would rush up and pump air into the gun without removing the straps. A barrage was opened on the trench, which turned into a blazing inferno, and the line of flame-throwers behind the locusts kept up a steady advance with a screen of flame in front of them. In the dense clouds of smoke one caught a glimpse of a dancing hail of black bodies, and then the two lines of fire met and the battle was over.

E. E.

CLEANING UP A FLANK: *A flame-thrower comes into action where the locusts threaten to break through*

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FRANCE discovers her WEALTH

Jacques Bonhomme is Forced to the Astonishing Conclusion that he is Better off than John Bull—a Point of View which has Brought About some Curious Readjustments

MUTUAL CONGRATULATIONS: M. Chéron discusses the happy financial state of France with a group of journalists

By GILBERT BRUCE

The French always regarded English people, until recent times, as bursting with money. Whenever a Frenchman had to admit that something or other—the running of the Underground Railways for instance—was better done in London than in Paris, he shrugged his shoulders and put it down to our bottomless purse. Royal processions, the Lord Mayor's Show, the Navy—all were symptoms of our plutocracy. Before the war, the Coronation; during the war, the British soldier's pay; after the war, the Wembley Exhibition—all these were flauntings of the pound in the face of the franc.

The Frenchman's economic inferiority-complex became an obsession with the fall in the value of his currency, and culminated in the stoning of Channel steamers; and when a Frenchman saw that another country had something he could not afford he assumed that it was bought with money squeezed out of him as war debt. When the band of the Coldstream Guards marched along the rue de Rivoli behind the coffin of Marshal Foch I heard a Frenchman in the crowd, ironically eyeing scarlet coats and sleek busbies, exclaim, "Et dire que tout ça, c'est payé avec notre galette!"

However, this worthy patriot was already in a minority. To-day Frenchmen are rubbing their eyes over the discovery that England is poor. Indeed, according to the latest statistics she is relatively poorer than France. When he has recovered from the pleasant shock of this discovery our Frenchman, lately so much impressed by British wealth, shoots off to the other extreme. French journalists in London gaily announce to their papers that the Bank of England is being demolished and that Waterloo Bridge and the Houses of Parliament are tumbling down because we cannot afford to repair them; and those who have stayed at home announce with solemn unanimity that we have given up the supremacy of the seas because the Admiralty is bankrupt. On top of all this comes the news of a large deficit in our Budget, and the matter is settled. Englishmen are pictured henceforth in rags and tatters as a matter of course, and the prosperous French taxpayer, when he remembers that he ought to compare his lot unfavourably with somebody else's if he is to keep up the plea for lower taxation, is disconcerted to find that even America, with successive crashes on Wall Street and millions of unemployed, is in no condition to step on to the pedestal of enviableness from which England has fallen.

It would be pleasant here to take a picture of the French Finance Minister at his desk; to compare his jovial and well-fed appearance with the haggard and cadaverous visage of our Mr. Snowden; and to present him as the embodiment of French prosperity, having a piece let into his waistcoat while John Bull tightens his belt. But one is embarrassed by the excessive competition in France for what in England is a thankless post.

The late M. Chéron—he is not dead, but gone before—the jolly "Papa Chéron" of the Chamber, who is so like Old King Cole of the nursery rhyme that one imagines him always in a gilt paper crown, the late M. Chéron framed and brought in this year's Budget, but was rudely turned out, and his Government with him, by the representatives of the aforesaid taxpayer, who wanted a bigger share of the golden harvest.

He made a splendid God of Plenty. Unfortunately M. Tardieu found it necessary to appoint two men to fill his ample room. There is now a Minister of the Budget as well as a Minister of Finance, and the French golden calf has become two-headed. It is no longer possible to point to the exact counterpart of Mr. Snowden on this side of the Channel. On the whole I am tempted to give M. Chéron the place of honour; he represents the full bloom of the flower of riches.

The history of France's rise from threatened bankruptcy to her place as the richest nation in Europe is quaintly summarized in the personalities of her successive Finance Ministers. The dry, determined M. Poincaré was the ruthless master who drove her along the road of financial reform; the expansive, benevolent M. Chéron celebrated her new-found prosperity, and now she has the ultra-modern, nimble, mercurial, and inconspicuous M. Reynaud, who works rather in the shadow of his chief, M. Tardieu, and behind the administrative figure-head of a Minister of the Budget, pulling the strings of international finance, shrewdly investing and enlarging the resources which his predecessors have created.

In his preliminary note to this year's Budget the Rapporteur-Général reminds Parliament that M. Poincaré's 1926 Budget imposed over £100,000,000 of new taxation. This he calls an "unprecedented fiscal effort" which seriously disturbed the economic life of the country. To-day the Budget is firmly balanced, the Treasury is well supplied, and the currency is safe from surprises. There is no mention of the biggest of all the fences which that patient horse, the taxpayer, had to be flogged over before the national finances could be set in order—I mean *the stabilization of the franc at one-fifth of its pre-war value.*

That meant the depreciation by four-fifths of the value and yield of all French stock; it meant that the loss of four-fifths of his income and capital by every Frenchman who lived on French investments became a permanent and unalterable fact. But it also meant the wholesale wiping out of internal debt, which accounted in a large measure for the restoration of the national finances and the remarkable prosperity of the French State to-day. To reach that prosperity there had to be a sacrifice, and the sharpest brunt of the sacrifice was borne by the *rentiers*, or those who live on investments. The rest of it was spread over the general population in the bearable but unaccustomed form of new and strictly collected taxes.

If, therefore, the British taxpayer is inclined to turn at last; if he asks himself, as he contemplates M. Chéron's agreeable portrait, whether *he* put the screw on so hard and had such a patient, honest taxpayer to deal with, he can console himself with the thought that, in spite of all his freebooting tradition, in spite of the relative instability of his Governments, in spite of his country's feminine habit of expecting and receiving the indulgence and succour of other nations, the French taxpayer has also been through the mill. The difference—the mysterious, maddening difference—is that the painful financial operation of Surgeon Poincaré has brought swift relief, followed by boisterous recovery, to his patient, while the burden of the British taxpayer grows heavier as the difficulties of his country persist and multiply.

The fact is that France was potentially prosperous even in the darkest moments of her post-war crisis; she has the elasticity of a self-supporting country, and the roots of her economic troubles never struck deep, as they do in England. The heavy industries, working for export, on which England has depended for a century, are for her a luxurious addition to her natural wealth. As soon as she was shaken out of the illusion that Germany would pay her bills and set about paying them herself she was on the high road to prosperity.

When M. Poincaré boldly told the French taxpayer that he, not the Germans, would have to find the money to balance the Budget and fund the debts, the taxpayer, as might have been expected, paid up with no more than occasional grumbling. He knew in his heart that the money must be found, and when strict administration made evasion impossible he accepted the situation philosophically.

Taxation in France is now much the same as in England, if a little lower, with this exception, that the democratic principle of direct rather than indirect taxation finds readier acceptance in France. In a general way all the sources of revenue which have been tapped in England have also been tapped in France; in addition there is a high import tariff which the Government does not hesitate to use as a weapon of retaliation. Income tax, house tax, taxes on excess profits and on the proceeds of business transactions, taxes on entertainment, on servants, and on bicycles are all included.

There are, besides, a luxury tax and a tax on bachelors (for the birth-rate is declining), and foreigners are made to pay their share by heavy fees for identity-cards and residence permits. The French taxpayer used to be notorious for his evasion of income tax; now he is expected to make a yearly declaration without receiving a demand, and if he does not he is assessed automatically on the assumption that his income is seven times his rent. The machinery of enforcement is effective, and arrears are penalized at a heavy rate.

The Poincaré reforms were more productive than their author expected, and brought in an increasing surplus year by year. There was an excess of revenue over estimates of £9,000,000 in 1827, of £27,000,000 in 1928, and of nearly £40,000,000 in 1929. Accordingly it was recognized that the burden of the taxpayer could safely be eased, and this year he gets a present of over £12,000,000 in tax reductions. Against this, he has to put up with a steady increase in the cost of living.

Taking 100 as the cost of living for a French working-class family with four children in July, 1914, the cost at the beginning of 1927 was 524; at the end of 1927 it had fallen to 498; and last summer

(Continued on page 426)

FOOTBALL, THE MOST ANCIENT AND POPULAR GAME, IS CONQUERING EUROPE : A scene at the Anglo-German (Soccer) International in Berlin, which was drawn, 3—3

Lady DRUMMOND HAY on WORLD AFFAIRS

An intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

WAR BY CIVILIANS.—"Future wars will be fought and decided by civilians, not by soldiers. Present-day armies will be superfluous—useless!"

That is the sensational prophecy of Lieut.-Colonel Mayer, one of France's leading military experts, expressed in a forthcoming book, advance excerpts of which appear in the *Neues Wiener Journal*.

Chemistry and aircraft will fight future wars, and both these elements will be directed chiefly by civilian experts, not by soldiers, asserts the French military expert. Four thousand aircraft, high explosive and gas-bombing planes, will represent a greater offensive and destructive power than an army of a million soldiers, according to Lieut.-Colonel Mayer. Organic chemistry has produced more than five thousand different gases, with many new ones being discovered or invented every year, he says.

The world conflict swept away the alleged eternal truths and principles of classical strategy, and at the close of the war, convinced of this, and that Germany would not be able to attack for at least fifteen years, Lieut.-Colonel Mayer suggested that the French army be completely demobilized and disbanded for ten years. He was told that his suggestion could not be taken seriously, "notwithstanding that it is clear that a handful of civilian experts can, with combined gas and air attack, destroy the largest and best-trained army in the world."

In support of his theory, the French military expert cites Napoleon, who wrote during his last year on St. Helena, "Every victory of my troops was the triumph of new ideas. The time will come when neither cannon nor bayonets will be necessary for victory."

He declares that H. G. Wells is right when he says that the wars of the future will be fought by civilians. War operations of to-morrow will be sudden surprise attacks, unexpected in time and place. They will demoralize and intimidate the enemy. Forts, barracks, and present-day armies are as irrevocably doomed to pass away as were the bow, arrow, and spear at the first shot from a musket.

It is quite natural that the heads of the armies to-day are interested in seeing that no radical change takes place in the present system and order of things, declares Lieut.-Colonel Mayer, adding "That governments and general staffs close their eyes to the truth, does not alter the might and power of the facts."

FOOTBALL IN HISTORY.—The football fans in Germany who crowded the Grunewald Stadium some 50,000 strong last Saturday week to witness the International football match between England and Germany, football fanatics in France whose enthusiasm for the game at times borders on to violence, rapidly increasing numbers of converts from pelota and bull-fighting to "el futbol" in Spain, register the growing popularity of one of the oldest sports in the world.

Football was played in China before Britain was on the map of civilization, claims Mr. L. Hadland Davis, a famous authority on the Far East, writing in *Overseas*. The invention of football is ascribed to the mythical Yellow Emperor, alleged to have lived more than 4,000 years ago. Mr. Davis refers to a handbook on football, describing the game in twenty-five chapters written during the Han dynasty, some 200 years B.C.

"Even Chinese Emperors played football with enthusiasm. It is said that Ch'eng Ti (32–6 B.C.) was so fond of the game that certain high officials pointed out that indulgence was 'unsuitable to the imperial dignity.' The monarch replied 'We like playing. . . .' The temerity of a minister of state who remonstrated with Hsi Tsung of the T'ang dynasty for playing football earned him sudden death."

The ancient football Mr. Davis describes as being eight pointed strips of leather made into a ball, at first stuffed with hair, but later inflated with air. There were seventy different kinds of kicks, instructions as to the correct position of the player, and ten reservations when football should not be played. These include "windy days, when the ground is slippery, by candlelight." "The winning players received gifts of wine, flowers, fruit, and sometimes brocades and silver bowls. The captain of the losing side was severely flogged."

The same oriental authority quotes the description of a football match in old Japan, about A.D. 1001 in which a privy councillor "has quite forgotten all his dignities." "In the evening sunlight, the rough, noisy game suddenly took on an unwonted gentleness and grace." The goal-posts were a pine tree, a maple, a willow, and cherry tree growing in tubs.

Football in modern China was responsible for the reconciliation of General Yang Sen, famous pirate, with the Captain of the British gunboat *Peterel*, who arranged a match between cadets of the Chinese Military College and a team from H.M.S. *Peterel*. The ex-pirate General was so delighted at the spirit of sportsmanship and comradeship between the two teams that he presented the gunboat team with a silver trophy vase.

FLIGHTS EVERYWHERE.—The "Trans-Atlantic Flying Season" has opened. It was scheduled to begin on May 19 with the famous world-girdler *Graf Zeppelin* taking off from Seville, Spain, for the first Europe-to-South-America passenger and mail flight. When this number of THE SPHERE appears in print, the *Graf Zeppelin*, with myself aboard, should have added the historic air-conquest of the South Atlantic to the laurels of the North Atlantic, and the wonderful Round - the - World flight. The former flight of October, 1928, the latter of August last year.

It will have been my third flight across the Atlantic. Among the passengers there will be three of my Round - the - World flight companions, Karl von Wiegand, America's "flying journalist," who organized the world flight, Dr. Jeronimo Megias, physician to King Alfonso of Spain, and Gustav Kauder of Berlin. This flight promises to be another extraordinarily interesting experience from the standpoint of science no less than unusual sightseeing. The route includes such scenic gems from the air as the Canary and Cape Verde Islands, a corner of the west coast of Africa, and the magnificent bay of Rio de Janeiro. A two or three-day stay at Pernambuco, then northward along the curving line of all the West Indies islands to Havana, thence to New York and Lakehurst.

Once more Commander Dr. Hugo Eckener, his crew and staff of three Captains, Lehmann, Fleming, and von Schiller, Chief Engineers Siegle and Beuerle, will blaze the pioneer path through the air over the trackless ocean in a practical way.

There will be many things to study in the region where there has never before been an airship. The effect of the rays of the tropical sun in the equatorial climates on the hydrogen gas, the "lift" of the ship, air currents, weather, just to mention a few.

Perhaps before the *Graf Zeppelin* starts back, the British *R 100* with Major Scott in command, and with the designer, Sir Charles Deniston Burney on board, will be on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic to Montreal.

In June M. Coste, famous French flyer, expects to try to cross the Atlantic again with a 'plane. In the same month the group headed by the American, Mears, expects to start on a flight round the world to beat the record of the *Graf Zeppelin*. By the end of July or beginning of August the *Do X*, the giant Dornier "flying ship" with twelve motors, is scheduled to attempt to cross the Atlantic with sixteen people aboard, including myself.

THE "MUSSOLINI OF THE VATICAN."—This what I heard Pope Pius XI called in diplomatic and even some of the clerical circles in Rome the other day.

He is what may well be termed a "Strong Pope."

Not since Leo XIII has there been so dominant a representative of St. Peter and so aggressive a spirit in the Church.

The historical Lateran Treaty between the Vatican and Italy, concluded by Mussolini and Pius XI last year, was the first and the greatest—but not the only diplomatic—achievement of the latter, calling attention to the new zeal with which the present Pope is inspiring the Church. Pius XI "rules" in Vatican City as firmly, as unquestionably, as determinedly as Mussolini does in Rome. In some of the cardinal circles they speak of him with something akin to fear.

THE MUSSOLINI OF THE VATICAN: Pope Pius XI, the strong man of the Church

While there are many indications of recession and lack of zeal in Protestant denominations, there is a strong forward movement noticeable in the Catholic Church. Pope Pius XI has vision. He holds tenaciously to any course he once sets, and fearlessly grapples with problems as they arise.

His campaign against Russia, and the present political-religious crisis in Malta which has caused strained relations between Britain and the Vatican, are only two instances of the will that rules in the Vatican to-day. Malta is not the only place where the influence of the Church is making itself pronouncedly felt in politics. The new German Cabinet and recent events in Austria also have interesting undercurrents. But the action of the Bishop of Malta in issuing a manifesto declaring that anyone who votes for the party of Lord Strickland and the Government commits a "mortal sin," and forbidding priests to administer the sacrament to such persons, is, to put it mildly, extraordinary. As Pius XI seems to hold very much the opinion in the Vatican that Mussolini holds in politics, namely that in the last analysis, ONE mind must rule, ONE will dominate, it will be interesting to observe what the final attitude will be in Malta.

"THE SPHERE" *surveys the* WORLD.

PORTERS AND ACTORS: Britain may boast of her railway-porter poet, but the porters at Oberammergau, seen above awaiting a tourist train, enact various roles in the Passion Play

AN ÆSCHYLUS CLASSIC PLAYED AT DELPHI: A scene from "The Suppliants" reminiscent of an Hellenic vase, although the formalism of the pose recalls something of the terpsichorean art of Egypt. It was enacted at the Theatre of Apollo in the place of Oracle. The Suppliants are seen above in their classic gesture

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE VERY MODERN: Mrs. Aimée Semple MacPherson, the Four Square Gospeller, regardless of historical comparisons, ventures to baptise one of her "converts" in the holy waters of Jordan

HONOUR TO FRANCE'S MARTIAL SAINT: M. Tardieu, Prime Minister of France, General Gouraud, and other Ministers attended the celebrations of St. Joan of Arc, held in the Rue de Rivoli. Last year was the quinquecentennial of the relief of Orleans. This year her capture at Compiègne is being celebrated

ENGLAND BOUND: Prince and Princess Takamatsu on board S.S. Kashima Maru *en route for Britain*

The great days of classic Greece bid fair to come again, for this year the centenary of the independence achieved largely by the réclame of Byron's name, many of the former pursuits have been revived. Among them is the presentation of *The Suppliants* of Æschylus at Delphi. ——Mrs. Aimée Semple MacPherson, the "Hot Gospeller" of Los Angeles—a type scathingly satirized by Sinclair Lewis in *Elmer Gantry*, cuts an astonishing figure on this page. She is seen in jaunty modern hat baptising her latest converts in the historic waters of the Jordan.

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The BEST-EQUIPPED POLAR

THE HUMAN TRIPOD: Captain McKinley with one of the great cameras Commander Byrd took with him on the South Polar flight. Another member of the expedition acts as a tripod

LITTLE AMERICA: An overhead view of t marked indentation is the Bay of Whales T equipment of the expedition was maintained at t Shackleton, and Amunds

LISTENING IN ON A RADIO COMPASS: Mr. Carl Petersen endeavours to pick up the Ford aeroplane

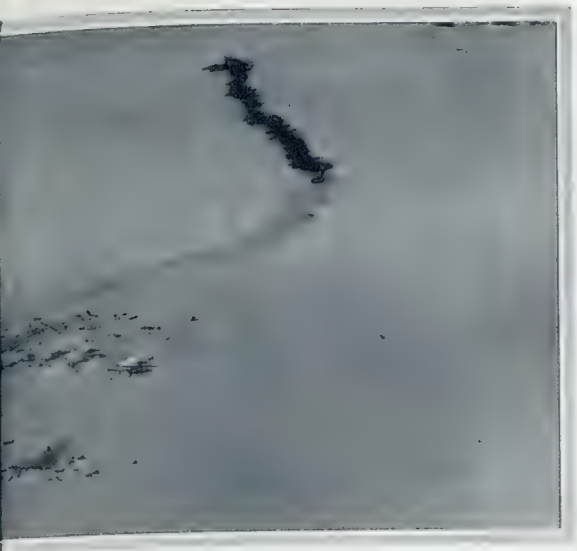
KEEPING IN PHYSICAL TRIM: Dr. Dana Coman in the laboratory examines Captain Ashley C. McKinley. Strict care was taken of the expedition's individual and communal health

KEEPING WARM: Commander Byrd (left) and his comrades select the furs to be used on the Southern sledging parties

A QUIET EVENING: Messrs. Larry Gould, Willard van der Veer, Joe Rucher, and Captain Parker while away an hour in the library

A further sending of pictures illustrating the work of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition has just reached "The Sphere." The views reproduced here go to prove the stutement that this was the best mechanically equipped expedition which has ever wintered in Antarctica. The men wore the traditional fur garments of polar work. They did not use the thin waterproof garments which Captain Scott favoured for a time. Experience has proved that there is greater real warmth from fur than any other type of clothing. In the matter of aeroplanes the expedition had the advantage of previous experience of flying-machines working in low temperatures; engines, and special under-carriages had all been studied carefully before the departure of the expedition from America.

EXPEDITION YET: *With the Byrd Personnel in the South. Special Pictures*



colony where the Byrd Expedition lived for two years. The wireless masts are clearly discernible on the ice. The entire standard suggested by the wireless. The shades of Scott. must have envied the Byrd equipment

A QUESTION OF PHOTOGRAPHY: Captain Ashly C. McKinley at work in the photography laboratory. The more careful pictorial records of the Antarctic phenomena were kept

THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER: Mr. Henry J. Harrison, jun., the aerologist, at the shelter for instruments

THE LEADER: Admiral Richard Byrd, heavily clad in furs, stands with his dog, Igloo, outside his hut

AN HIRSUTE CREW: Mr. Joe Rucker, the motion-picture photographer records the facial adornment of his comrades

World copyright by "New York Times"

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA: Mr. Carl Petersen, the radio operator, sending and receiving messages to and from the Antarctic wastes

The wireless-room shown here was perhaps the most striking innovation in South Polar equipment; the whole party could keep in touch with the outer world in a manner not possible hitherto. This installation could not only receive but transmit its own answers to the distant world. When not listening-in, the various members off duty had a very varied and carefully selected library into which they could delve and spend the distraction so necessary in the long weeks of the winter season.

Outwardly the little settlement near the Barrier's edge looked very much like its predecessors —it was the two towering wireless masts of lattice steel which proclaimed it as the most up-to-date expedition to invade the solitudes of the South.

THE ART OF WILLIAM KERMODE: One of the brilliant lino-cuts to "The Patriot's Progress," by Henry Williamson (Bles)

SOME NEW NOVELS and another war book

by

JAMES LAVER

WAR IN BLACK AND WHITE: An Illustration by William Kermode to "The Patriot's Progress"—rain falls

Mr. Mottram is a distinguished writer, and anything that comes from the pen of the author of *The Spanish Farm* is worth reading. His new novel, *Europa's Beast* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net), is no exception. No one has more sensitive fingers for the texture of English life than Mr. Mottram; no one knows more exactly the position of those who live in the new villa and the old cottage, and none can discriminate more nicely between all the different grades which go to make up English society. The background of this new novel is the familiar Easthampton, and its hero is the Skene of previous books. Skene falls in love with a woman married to an aviator, who is killed and leaves them free to be married themselves. The story is very deftly unrolled, part of the fascination consisting, of course, in the picture of the English semi-rural town and of its inhabitants. The heroine's grandmother, an ex-gipsy married to an innkeeper, is a notable creation; but all the characters get fair play—Mr. Mottram does not have any unsympathetic characters. The only point in which I would question his wisdom is the title. It gives the game away too soon. More often than the world suspects an artist is inspired by the vision of some exterior object. He builds his scheme by analogy with some other art. The writer of a brilliant story about a Spanish peasant girl rescued from the French during the Peninsular War and rising to eminence in the gay world of the Regency in England, once confessed to me that the whole idea arose in his mind because Goya's *Disasters of War* and English sporting prints are both produced by the same process of aquatint. The pegs on which inspiration can be hung is one of the most interesting aspects of creative writing, but it is not interesting to the majority of readers. Once the building is finished the scaffolding may well be knocked away. We know that Europa rode away on the back of the bull, and we know that Mr. Mottram's heroine is going to do the same. Why sacrifice the valuable element of suspense?

An Experiment in Sincerity, by John Erskine (Putnams. 7s. 6d. net), is an extremely clever book. The theme—that truth is a virulent acid to be kept tightly stoppered and only used drop by drop as a test for gold—is no new one, but it is very freshly handled, and the logic of events singularly convincing. A woman writer's essay on the narrowness of happy homes drives her husband from his. She employs a friend to help to recapture him, with the result that she finds herself driven away and the friend installed in her place. The outline sounds crude enough, but the story is not crude. It is enlivened by many subtle touches and penetrating analysis of motives. Of course there are no children. There never are in these novels where adultery takes its place as a recognized figure of high comedy. Unfortunately in real life there often are children, and then the theme is tragic. Love is no longer a game. However, Mr. Erskine's characters are not lacking in moral sense. On the contrary, it is their moral sense which ties them into such hopeless tangles. *An Experiment in Sincerity* is the work of a mature mind, disillusioned but not embittered, and the book is well worth reading.

Storm over Europe, by Douglas Jerrold. (Benn. 8s. net), is a more ambitious book, or at least occupies a larger canvas. The author postulates an imaginary Eastern European State, in which all the problems of post-war Europe are condensed and exemplified. The disadvantage of such a method is obvious. The reader has to start from the very beginning, to imagine geography and history, politicians and political problems, but this difficulty Mr. Jerrold has surmounted by an extremely able prologue which explains the whole situation in trenchant terms. His own sympathies can be deduced from the following paragraph describing the "League of Free Thought":

> "The battle cry of the League was 'Social Justice'; its weapons, words; its objective, office. Money in support of the League's incessant propaganda poured in from every interested source: from labour leaders working for revolution, from harassed *rentiers* desperately anxious for peace and quiet, from old ladies afraid of Communists, from Jews afraid of Jesuits, and from rich men afraid of everything except hell. Indeed, the League had a literally universal appeal. It had a solution for every problem; the graver the problem the longer the word. Above all, it had vision—that quality without which it is so painfully difficult to distinguish between robbery and statesmanship. It worked with lyrical enthusiasm for the time when everybody would be better off at somebody else's expense."

As pamphleteering it could hardly be bettered, and the whole novel points the same moral as the preliminary pamphlet. If the appetite for satire has not wholly vanished from the world, Mr. Jerrold's book should appeal to a large public. His own attitude, it need hardly be said, is one of disillusioned support of monarchy and genuine enthusiasm for a return to traditional Christian beliefs and institutions. "Institutions do not rest on the beliefs of peoples. On the contrary, people derive their beliefs from their institutions. That is what we mean by a nation's history."

However, institutions can be shattered by the collapse of belief as in the pre-Revolutionary France of Voltaire and Beaumarchais. The period is well portrayed, with its cynicism and its even more dangerous sentimentality, in a book which, in spite of being a prize historical novel, is very well worth reading. *Cécile*, by F. L. Lucas (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d. net), was fortunate in its judges, for they (being Messrs. E. M. Forster, George Gordon, and R. H. Mottram) preferred subtlety to "tushery" and a certain psychological penetration to a lot of sword-and-cloak "business" up stage. The main interest of the story is the evolution of two convent-bred sisters who both take lovers to beguile the absence or the fanaticism of their husbands. An attempt is made to see even the fanatic husband from the inside, while the other husband, Gaston, is a complicated creature whose high ideals for humanity cannot save him from having liaisons with the peasant girls on his own estates. There are one or two glimpses of the Paris salons and a sympathetic picture of the well-meaning Louis XVI, bovine but benevolent, and drifting nearer and nearer to the inevitable catastrophe. The book comes to an end before the Revolution begins, and wisely so. That burst of brass, that thunder of percussion, would have spoiled so delicate a piece of chamber music.

If *The Patriot's Progress*, by Henry Williamson (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d. net), were just a war book instead of just another war book, the reader would be able to welcome it with more enthusiasm. It is well done, in a wilfully simple and exact style, and the satire, although plain enough, is never obtruded. Every one of these books is another document in the long indictment against war. Surely everyone knows what a "war of attrition" is like now, and if they don't, will they ever learn? The book is illustrated with some lino-cuts by William Kermode. Lino-cuts are not everybody's delight, but the very roughness of the medium makes it especially suitable for the present volume. An art of scoop and gouge is a fit accompaniment for such a story as this, by its very honesty must necessarily be. The cut on p. 28 is particularly effective.

Intensely serious friends have often assured me that Gogol's *Dead Souls* is one of the world's comic masterpieces. A masterpiece it may be, but I could never see anything comic about it. *Diamonds to Sit On*, by Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net), is presumably much more humorous than Gogol, but still I am puzzled. A government official discovers that his mother-in-law had hidden her diamonds in one of twelve chairs confiscated during the Revolution. The search for these chairs is the theme of the book, but for the life of me I could not find it very funny. Strange actions are only strange when seen against a background of sanity. Here there is no background of sanity. Everybody is as mad as everybody else. The treasure-seekers never find the treasure, or at least only find it when the diamonds have been used to build a Communist club. Very admirable, no doubt, but funny? Why is it that while tragedy and high comedy can both pass national frontiers unchallenged, humour so seldom gets across? It never seems to be able to learn another language. I wonder what the Russians think of Lewis Carroll!

briefly commended

Black Bread and Samovars, by *Kendall Foss.* (Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d. net.)—The record of an unconventional journey from Leningrad to the Black Sea. Not for the author and his companion the luxury or quasi-luxury that even a Communistic State can boast, but the third-class carriage and the bed where it might be found. Mr. Foss has skilfully avoided criticism on the one hand and eulogy on the other, and has preserved throughout a commendable lightness of style. Mr. Henry W. Nevinson has written an admirable Introduction.

On Helle's Wave, by *Hugh Imber.* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)—This (let us give thanks), though dubbed on the jacket (with dubious wisdom) "a Service novel," is not a ripple on the tide of mud and blood, trench and stench novels, but a cheery yarn more or less of the order—though not of the calibre—of *Greenmantle*. The period is 1922, when war with Turkey loomed on the horizon and Mr. Imber has fitted his tale into an historical framework. Plenty of thrills and heartiness make the book enjoyable.

North of Suez, by *William McFee.* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)—The adventures of a typical officer of the Mercantile Marine in Port Said. Intrigue and counter-intrigue, plot and counter-plot—the background is, of course, the war—in a setting traditionally the gathering-place of derelicts and no-goods. It will be more popular than the previous books by this author. And very nice too.

The Jealous Ghost, by *L. A. G. Strong.* (Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net.)—A very notable novel by the author of *Dewer Rides*. Mr. Strong has a charming gift of dialogue and no inconsiderable wit. His characters say at the time the thing one usually thinks of and wishes one had said the day after one ought to have said them. The descriptions are exquisite, and at the end the ghost is laid. The laying makes enthralling reading.

The Golden Pound and Other Stories, by *A. S. M. Hutchinson.* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)—Mr. If-Winter-Comes needs a larger canvas than the short story for his art. His work is undoubtedly of a certain standard, and a commendably high one, but this collection has neither the force nor the appeal of his best-seller nor of that incomparably finer but unknown novel, *The Clean Heart*. These tales are in lighter vein than one usually associates with their author. His fondness for quaint names persists strongly. *What Shakespeare Knew* has an originality all its own.

FRANCE'S *Desert* EMPIRE.

Celebrations at the Algerian Centenary

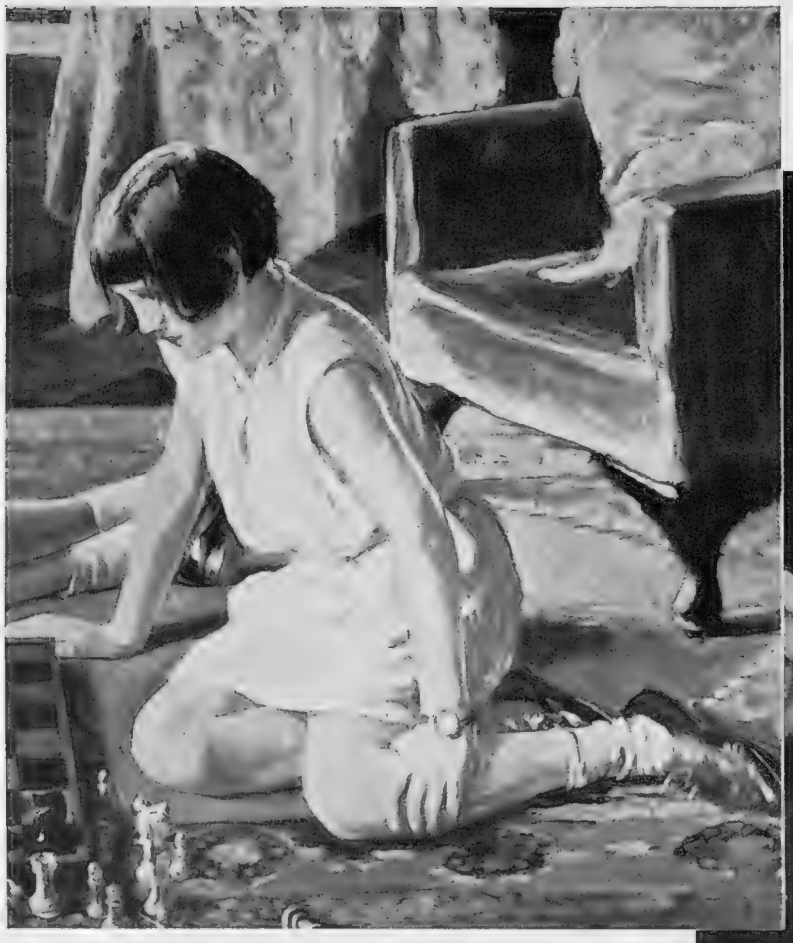
President Doumergue paid a special visit to Algiers to be present at the celebrations attendant upon the centenary of French rule in Algeria. With M. Bordes, the Governor-General, the President laid a wreath on the War Memorial, and lunched at the Summer Palace. The Arab chieftains, led by Bagh Agha Si Jelloul, who rules between the Atlas and the Sahara, and the leader of the anti-Riff Army, then were presented to M. Doumergue. Among the chieftains was the Amenokal, King of the Hoggar, a famous mountainous district in the Sahara, some thousand miles due south of Algiers. The Amenokal, seen on the right, speaks only two words of French—"Merci beaucoup"—his own tongue is Tamashack, the Tuareg language. The Amenokal, 6½ ft. tall, weighing 20 stone, a traditionalist, yet sufficiently modern to love motor-cars and sufficiently conservative to retain the veil and form of greeting of his race, is seen above with French officers. The Tuareg method of salutation is to bring the palms of the hands gently together and then to withdraw them with a gesture towards the heart.

"Il n'y a plus en presence, sur cette terre d'Afrique, une Algerie et une France ; il n'y a plus que la France."—Boussif Caid at the Union Fédérale Banquet, one of the recent centenary functions

THE *GOUMIERS* OF THE SAHARA: The arrival of a troupe from the desert to participate in the fantasia which was staged in the presence of President Doumergue

PAINT-CRAFT AT THE

What the Painter Sees at Burlingto



Sir John Lavery, R.A.: *Note the direct mastery of touch in this figure from "Chess Playing"—a few sweeps of the brush indicate the folds of the sock seen on the extreme right. The hair is indicated with similar swift dexterity, as if the artist had put everything down with hot speed*

James Fitton: *A brilliant piece of paint-craft—the architecture of the face built up at first hand, a premier coup, if ever there were. "Books and Beer" is the title of the work*

Isabel Codrington *linear sense evident in the structur in "Beggars are Coming to Town of the canva*

Maurice Greiffenhagen, R.A.: *A brilliant wielder of the brush. Mr. Greiffenhagen here shows his masterly touch in the portrait of George Bartram*

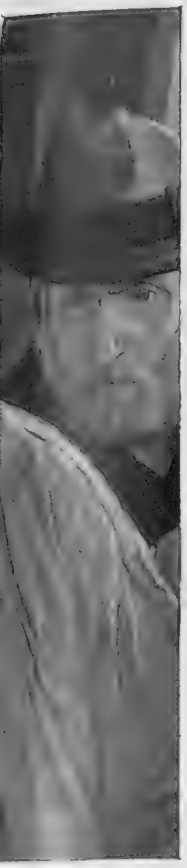
Ernest Procter: *We see here the use of a somewhat stubborn-looking medium which serves to heighten the sculpturesque appearance of the figures*

John B. Souter: *Here one has a tonal building-up in paint of a beautiful little group, sculptural in feeling—from "Youth and Age"*

On these two pages we seek to give the reader a study in textures of the Royal Academy. The reproductions of the pictures as they appear in most of the journals and in the art magazines, are reduced to such a scale that any appreciation of the paint-craft of the artist is lost to view, only the general composition of the picture is transmitted to the reader. Here on these pages we have taken particular details, as is so often done with the Italian Masters in the famous galleries of Italy, in order to show the particular quality of a particular painter's work. This method concentrates attention on the selected detail and adds very greatly to the interest of a visit to a gallery. Even these few examples given here will show the very great amount of variety in technique exhibited by the various painters whose work is now hanging in the rooms of Burlington House. One which we give here has not hitherto received the attention it deserves. Mr. Filton's portrait is a brilliant example of direct first-impression painting with no afterthoughts of retouching or overpainting. It thus has a particular attraction for the student of modern painting.

ROYAL ACADEMY

House. A Study in Brush-work



There is a strong of this central face —no smooth burying here

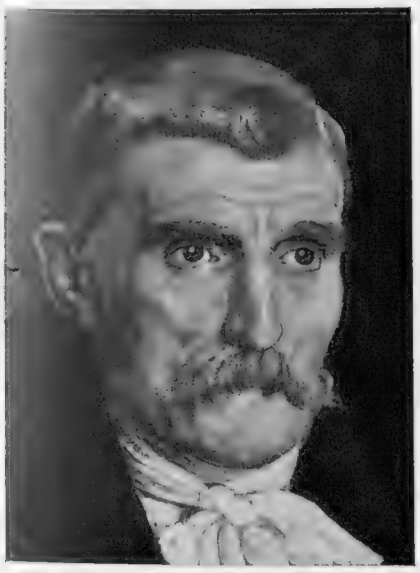
G. Hall Neale: *A confident, rather cursive touch, is evident in this cleverly-painted head of Cyril Scott, the composer, seen in a cross lighting which gives an intriguing variety of high-lights*

Dame Laura Knight, A.R.A.: *It is always a pleasure to study the sheer direct painting of Dame Laura Knight. This masterly study of a circus trick-rider is a detail from a large canvas*

H. M. Carr: *This delicious little study of a child with a cat forms part of "Bathing the Baby"*

Anna Zinkeisen: *There is a Mauritzhuis touch in the delicate paint-work of this charming head by Anna Zinkeisen*

Dame Laura Knight, A.R.A.: *Another striking piece of direct work. The visible canvas grain is of a piece with the suffusing strength of the whole of this circus picture*



Margaret Wilson: *There is a strong appreciation of drawing behind this forceful head by Miss Wilson*

Harry Morley: *Compare the smooth tonal qualities of the work with other painters. It is very Dutch in feeling—this mother and child*

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"ALL the GLOSS of ART."

A Recent Round of the Galleries

By courtesy of Ackermann & Sons, Ltd., of New Bond Street
"ON THE ROAD IN A FOUR-IN-HAND": One of a pair of delightful oil paintings by **H. Alken, Junr.** *Byron's description in "Don Juan" of the joys of English coaching are vividly recalled by this spirited work*

By courtesy of Ackermann & Sons, Ltd., of New Bond Street
"A WARWICKSHIRE BEAGLE PACK," by **H. B. Chalon:** *A conventionalized treatment of a favourite theme*

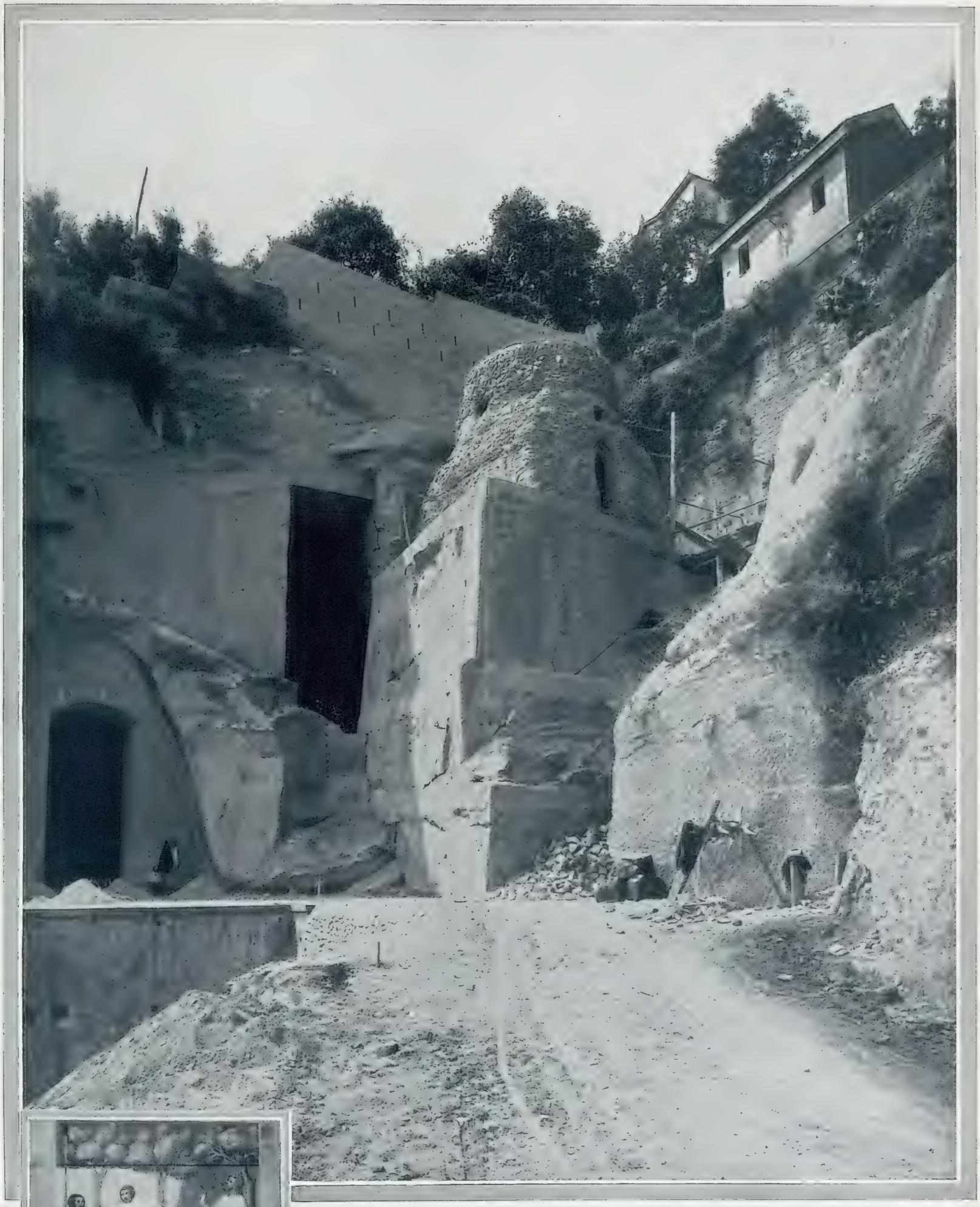
By courtesy of Vicars Brothers of Old Bond Street
"IN THE HIGHLANDS": A fine "atmospheric" by **Louis B. Hurt.** *The artist was one of the greatest painters of Highland cattle who worked within the last 100 years. His death a few months ago leaves a gap difficult to fill in English art*

The portrait of Warren Hastings seen below on a dark bay Arab horse in a landscape is notable. Mr. Shaw Sparrow, in his latest work on Stubbs, records how the artist experimented for two years in trying to obtain the vitreous colour he required. He appealed finally to Josiah Wedgwood, who after long experiments with various earths, and only after many failures, was able to produce the tablets used for china painting, which have this advantage over oil-painting, that no chemical changes can take place in their colours when once they have passed safely through the kiln.

By courtesy of Knoedler & Co. of Old Bond Street
"MR. MAYNARD AND HER MAJESTY'S BEAGLES," by **W. and H. Barraud:** *The artistic collaboration in this picture is most happy. In the background is, of course, Winasor Castle, the dogs and the master being set in Windsor Great Park*

By courtesy of Knoedler & Co. of Old Bond Street
"WARREN HASTINGS ON HIS ARABIAN HORSE," by **George Stubbs:** *The great patriot or iniquitous opportunist—would we had such an one at the helm in India to-day!—treated in the conventional style of the eighteenth century on an oval Wedgwood tablet*

The BIMILLENARY of the BIRTH of VIRGIL



"ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO": The tomb of Publius Vergilius Maro, commonly known as Virgil, the great Latin epic poet, who was to Rome what Homer was to Greece

THE FRONTISPIECE OF THE VIRGILIAN CODE. Above—Virgil inspired, writing the Æneid. Below —A bucolic scene

This year occurs the bimillenary of the birth of the famous Latin poet Virgil. To commemorate this event the editor, Ulrico Hoepli, published a perfect phototype copy of the Virgilian Code, which was first set up in Florence in 1240 by Pietro Parenti, and contains all the works of this famous poet. Servio was the original commentator, and the Code then belonged to Francesco Petrarch, who made various notes on the right-hand margin. The manuscript, which is at present in the Ambrosian Library in Milan, is of great historic and artistic value. Napoleon presented this manuscript to the National Library in Paris, where it was for some time. The success of Virgil as a poet was instantaneous upon the publication of his *Eclogues* in 37 B.C. They were a set of ten pastorals in the style of Theocritus. At this time Virgil was one of the endowed Court poets under the protection of Mæcenas whose munificence placed the young poet in easy circumstances. The *Eclogues* were followed by the *Georgics* or *Art of Husbandry*. These two works demonstrated that the intractable Latin tongue could be made to breathe notes of the sweetest music. At a later stage of his life Virgil concentrated upon the production of a great national epic, the *Æneid* which told the story of Æneas the Trojan. In his final illness the poet expressed a wish that this last-named work should be destroyed, but the Emperor Augustus overruled these instructions and the work was duly published. Virgil was at his own wish buried at Naples by the side of the road to Pozzuoli, and for several hundreds of years the place was regarded as sacred by many pilgrims. Its present appearance, after clearance, is shown above.

IRRIGATING INDIA: THE LLOYD

Special Pictures of the Gigantic Undertaking of the British Raj in the Sukkur Gorge on the Indus betwe
which will Irrigate Three and a half Millions of Square Miles, and the Construction of which will C

PRIMITIVE IRRIGATION: Native labourers at work irrigating their land. A somewhat violent contrast to the gigantic work in progress at Sukkur

THE WORK
barrage which,
or over 5 per
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The Lloyd Bar
actual figures are
achieved. It costs
of cubic feet of ea
of main canals an
with 74 tons of ea
of twenty-four hour

BARRAGE

n Rajputana and Baluchistan
st Fifteen Millions Sterling

N PROGRESS: A recent view of the great
t a cost of £15,000,000, will add 3,500,000 acres—
ent.—to the existing irrigation in British India under
irrigation works for which capital accounts are kept

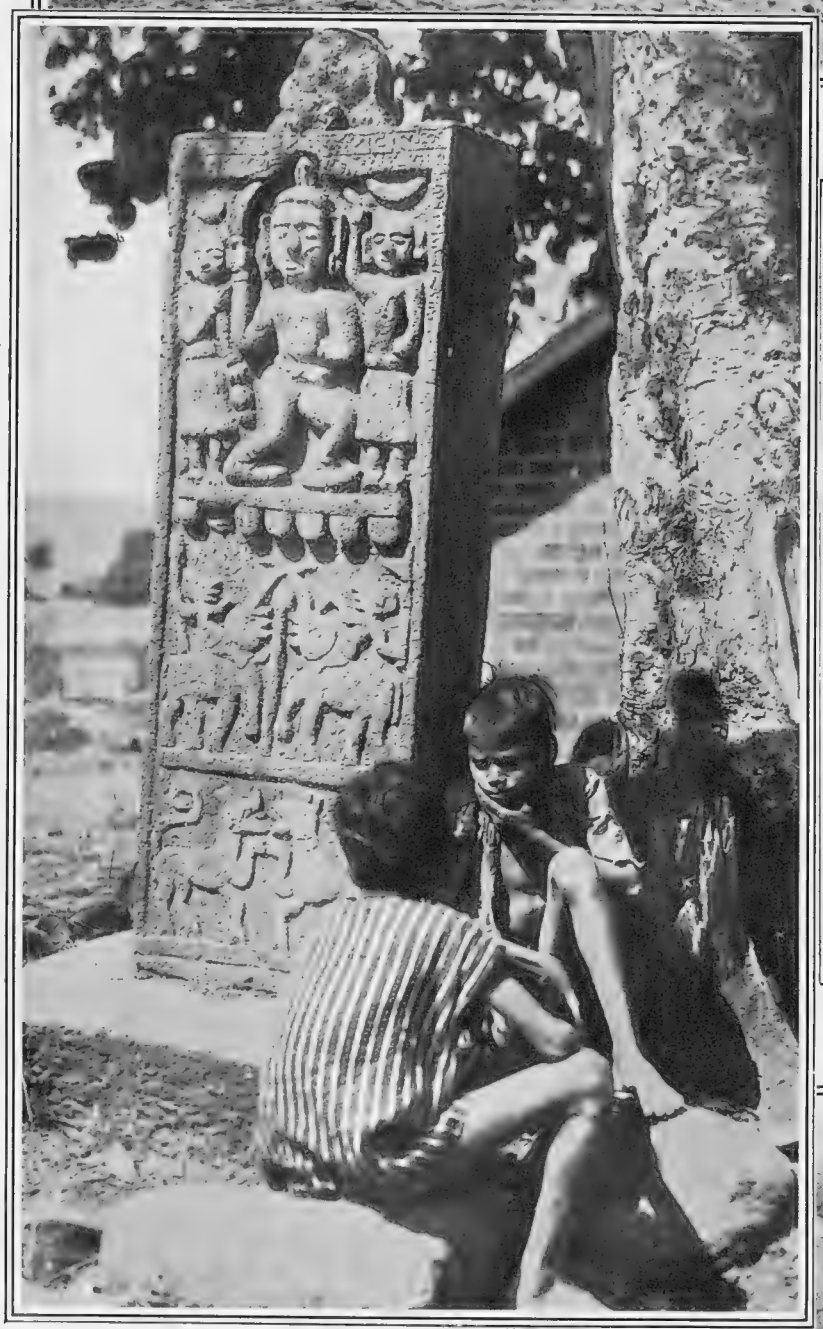
THE LLOYD BARRAGE: A view of the constructional work in progress, demonstrating the immensity of the undertaking

age is a stupendous undertaking, and it is only when entioned that any conception of its immensity can be £15,000,00 sterling; five and a half thousand millions thwork has to be completed. There are 6,234 miles distributaries. The machinery employed can cope hwork a minute, and do so for five and a half days work a week. Had hand-work—even under the cheap labour conditions of India—been employed, the cost would have been 50 per cent. higher. By December 31, 1929, over half the earthwork and one-third of the canal work had been accomplished Of the 66 spans of 60 ft. each, work is in an advanced stage on 16½ spans on the right bank, and is 22½ spans on the left.

A Facet of the Indian Situation: THE VILLAGE

Where the Inhabitants Know Nothing and Care Less for the Gandhi Campaign

THE OLDEST INHABITANTS: These venerable villagers are praying to their gods, whose images are set at both ends of the settlement according to the custom of the country



IN THE ODOUR OF SANCTITY: A couple of village children seated at the foot of the idols of the hamlet. It is doubtful if they know what "civil disobedience" means!

THE VEIL EVEN AT MEAL-TIMES: Village women eating by the roadside. No alien may see their faces, so they still wear the veil, despite its inconvenience

The main part of the Indian population is living in the villages. Here the news of strikes, riots, etc. is spreading only slowly. The Indian intellectuals and leaders are now also becoming aware of the importance of the opinion of the villages, and are making their propaganda chiefly therein. All the following pictures were taken during the last few weeks in Central India, when the fight of Gandhi and the boycott movement against British goods was at its height

A VILLAGE OF CENTRAL INDIA: A very typical settlement. In the foreground are two examples of the Indian who knows nothing of—and cares less for—the points at issue between Gandhi and the Raj

"MAUL TASCH": Miss Esmé Berenger in the title-rôle of "The Ugly Duchess" by Lion Feuchtwanger at the Arts Theatre Club

CONFLICT: Miss Gwen Ffrangcon Davies as Magda, and Mr. Guy Pelham-Boulton as the Pastor, in the tour-de-force of a German play played by Britons in German and in English. Sudermann's masterpiece lasts astonishingly well

KONRAD VON FRAUENBERG: Mr. Eugene Leahy in the dramatisation of Feuchtwanger's "Ugly Duchess" at the Arts Theatre Club

SHOWS and AUTRES CHOSES

By HENRY SHEREK

It is seldom a play has neither a hero nor a heroine who combine all the human virtues, such as sterling character, nobility of thought, and loftiness of ideal, but in *Dishonoured Lady* at the Playhouse it is difficult to find anybody who has more than one—or even as much—of these attributes.

Beautiful Madeleine Carey quietly wanders into the apartment of José Moreno, a South American cabaret artist of mixed origin in the middle of the night, and in case he should think that she only wants to discuss the political situation, tells him that he has beautiful teeth, asks him to sing, and then tenderly invites him to kiss her on the mouth, at which point the stage manager (who is probably a good church-goer) discreetly lowers the curtain. All this time José behaves in the nicest possible way. He has already curtly dismissed his real lady friend by telling her he will not be requiring her that evening, and only just does what Madeleine tells him to do, really putting himself out to please. Altogether he behaves in just the way we gather South American gentlemen do not behave as, if an attractive young woman visits a single man in the middle of the night and works like a navvy, but not so subtly, even a cold-blooded Eskimo might become mildly amorous.

The next scene depicts Madeleine in the arms of her family, which comprises an aged father, brilliantly played by C. V. France, who seems to be in a state of perpetual stupor chiefly brought on by an over-indulgence in bootleg whisky and strychnine (the action takes place in New York).

I was sorry that Mr. France had had to discard the beautiful whiskers and lavender-coloured gloves he wore in so dignified a manner as Armand's father in the recent revival of *The Lady of the Camellias*.

Returning to our muttons, it first appears that Madeleine is being wooed in a fine British, and therefore (being theatre) honourable manner by a young peer, whom she keeps refusing to marry. She gives as a reason that her mother had been not so good as she might have been. To judge from the first scene there must be something in heredity. Steadfast British pluck (what courage!) wins in the end, however, and she agrees to accept the gallant peer's kind heart—and coronet.

However, the course of true love never did run smooth, and we find the reappearance of our old friend José, who expresses his dislike of being discarded like a soiled glove. After giving Madeleine a lovely smack across the mouth, he makes her promise to again visit him at dead of night, which she agrees to do, possibly to avoid receiving another "love token"! It seemed to me that she would have done better at this juncture to have rung for the very old and feeble-looking butler, and requested him to fling the stalwart José into the street.

Back we go to the voluptuous living-room of Don José's flat to find him again sending his lady friend into the cold and unfriendly world without as much as "by your leave." Excepting to tell him in rich Bowery exactly what she thinks of him, she departs with neatness and despatch. Enter Madeleine attractively garbed in black with long black gloves, which instinctively makes us fear the worst. José intimates that rather than see her marry the Englishman he would marry her himself. This generous offer does not seem to interest her overmuch. Madeleine, it seems, was reared not with strictness but with strychnine, and fearing that she cannot resist his dashing charms, pours the contents of a bottle of this poison into his coffee whilst he is changing into *négligé* in the bedroom. He drinks the coffee and proceeds to give a very fine exhibition of a slow and most painful death, which Madeleine watches with the eyes of a connoisseur. During his agony he manages to reach the telephone to inform the police of his troubles, but Madeleine does feel this is a little too much and tears the apparatus from his hands.

José then dies in a satisfactory manner, and we hear the noise of the sirens with which the New York police obligingly herald their approach to enable evil-doers to make good their escape. Madeleine takes the hint, and her departure is immediately followed by the fall of the curtain.

At this stage the musical director saw his big chance. As we had been the horrified spectators of poor José's convulsive death (strychnine is not pretty in its action) the maestro called together his merrie men and played a song entitled "Spread a Little Happiness"!

Although Madeleine tries to impress us with her mastery of the art of murdering by removing all traces such as finger-prints, etc., very strong suspicion falls upon her, and she is forced to undergo hours of cross-examination in the presence of her fiancé, who strikes conventionally appropriate attitudes, and her father, who occasionally comes out of his drunken stupor to express horror that she should be accused of being out all night, although the insinuation that she committed a foul and dastardly murder seems to leave him entirely unmoved. Still, by really beautiful lying she is acquitted, and her father, feeling that he has done his duty nobly and well by perjuring his soul on the witness stand, sails off to spend the rest of his days in the comparative security of the Promenoir of the Folies Bergère in Paris.

The noble lord is also told to return to the playing fields of dear, quiet old England, and Madeleine is left alone, presumably to seek more Argentine fields to conquer.

The superb and sincere acting of Fay Compton in the title-rôle raises this play from an ordinary melodrama to something which the merits of the script hardly justify, but her very fine, almost great, performance did not eclipse Harold Huth's rendering of the part of José, for which character I am afraid I had a great deal of sympathy. After all he did not ask Madeleine to give herself to him, and all he got for his quite gentlemanly proposal of marriage was a strong dose of strychnine, which Madeleine had secreted in her handbag. The moral, as far as José Moreco is concerned, appears to be that one *should* look a gift-horse in the hand-bag!

This exhibition of modern life in New York was a remarkable contrast to the ideas in vogue in the 'nineties, as represented in Sudermann's *Magda* at the New. In spite of this play being dated and the dialogue dragging at moments, it has some fine situations, admirably played by most of the members of the cast.

Gwen Ffrangcon Davies as the worldly opera-singer, was not so flamboyant as those that have gone before, but I found her reserve restful and on occasion, more convincing than the hysterics of the old school. In Germany this play usually ends in a screaming match, with Magda winning by a short head, but in this production quite as much effect was obtained by the actors using a more natural form of expression.

Although I enjoyed the play immensely, I am afraid that it will not have a big success, as for what was, at the time of the original production, described as strong meat, it could now be viewed with equanimity by a Sunday-school teacher and her flock of five-year-olds.

The details as regards scenery, dress, etc., were perfect. How inconceivably ugly the dresses of the late Victorian and early Edwardian era were! It cannot be that every generation will think that the previous one dressed unbecomingly, as the costumes worn from the earliest days till two or three generations ago now appear to us to be most attractive.

If your children think that they lack freedom, take them to see *Magda* and they will realize what discipline as practised in German houses in the 'nineties means—and there are countless homes in Germany to-day where the same strict discipline prevails.

Vera Beringer's adaptation of Feuchtwanger's *Ugly Duchess* at the Arts Theatre Club takes us to the heart of the Tyrol during the fourteenth century, where we see the marvellous make-up used by Esmé Beringer, which is almost revolting in its hideousness, although (curiously enough) it makes her resemble George Graves.

The play is largely concerned with the battle royal between the Duchess Margarete of repulsive mien and Agnes von Flavon, who is very good to look upon.

Although the Duchess has the heads of people who displease her removed at will and, as a side-line, poisons an odd husband or two, we felt at one time that humble Agnes was going to romp home an easy winner.

Having vamped both of the Duchess's husbands most successfully, she sets to work on her son, and just when she seems to be about to bring off the treble, the boy is pushed out of the window. Agnes is found guilty of his murder and beheaded.

The Duchess, therefore, appears to have won, although all this sudden death in her family does seem to have got her down in the end, and the final curtain descends with her having a quiet and unhappy chat with Agnes's ghost.

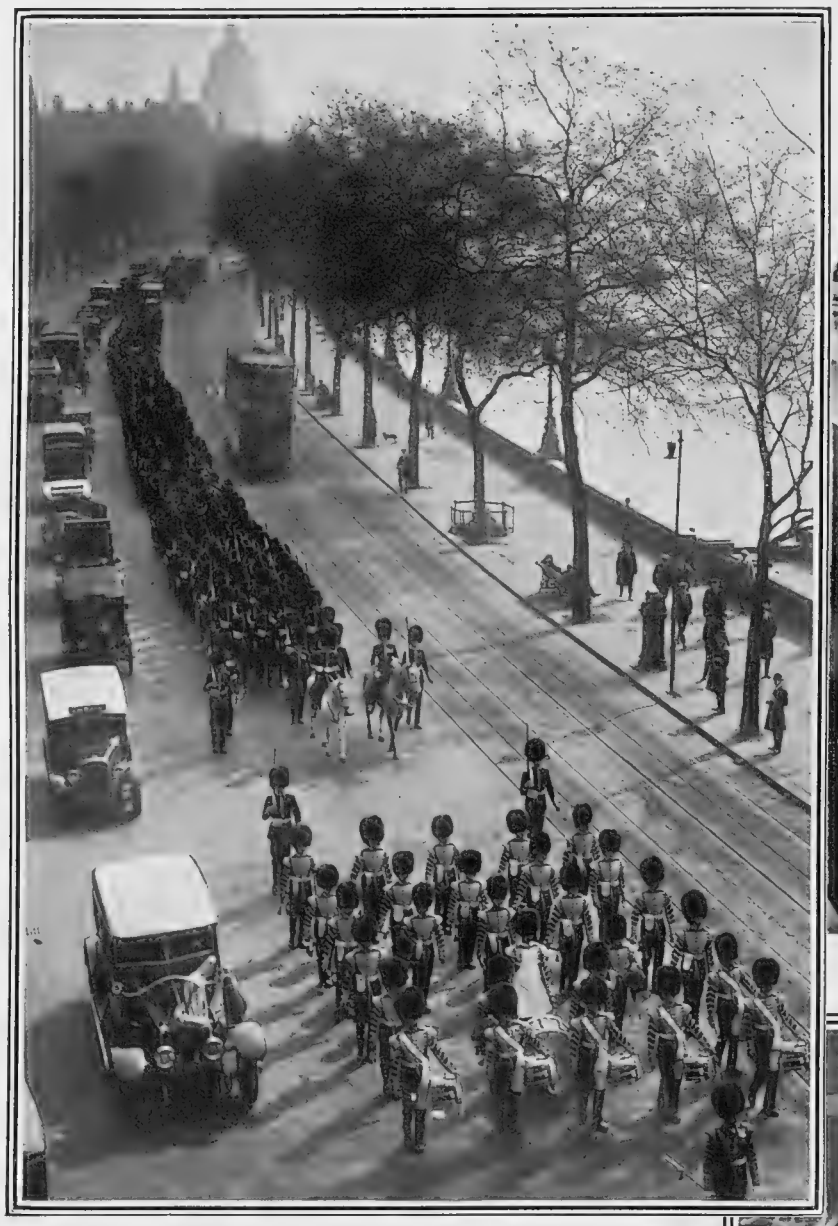
The adaptation is cleverly done, some of the dialogue being excellent, and an all-round good performance was given.

A special tribute must be made to Esmé Beringer, whose forceful rendering of the part of the Ugly Duchess was a very fine piece of acting indeed.

The play also introduces us to a sweet little child called Josephine Huntley Wright, who shows remarkable repose and sense of the theatre for one of such tender years. She should in time to come add fresh Thespian laurels to the well-known name she bears.

The applause at the end of the show was sincere and of long duration, but I would hesitate to predict a long run even if the play is transferred to a proper theatre.

THE COSTLY LOWER PITCH OF THE GUARDS' BAND



MARTIAL MUSIC AND MARCHING MEN: The Grenadier Guards march along the Embankment. These bands are being issued with, and are learning to blow, new instruments

THE BLARE OF BRASS: The trombone players practise with the new instruments, purchased at great cost

JAZZ FOR THE GUARDS? Guardsmen armed with instruments more usual on the dance floors of the great hotels or the stages of the great variety and revue theatres than the parade ground. The saxophone, however, has a great value in the modern military band, and adds appreciably to the melodic content and stirring appeal of the martial strains

THE NEW INSTRUMENTS IN FORCE: Captain Miller, director of music of the Guards' Band, rehearses his men with the lower-pitched instruments

The King has approved the arrangement whereby the bands of the Brigade of Guards will conform to the general Army Instruction for the lowering of the pitch of all regimental bands. The instrumental change-over will not be completed for some months. Armistice Day at the Cenotaph will be marked by the first massed performance of the lower pitch. Measured in terms of music the disagreement involved nothing more than a semitone. Considered financially the dropping of this half-tone is an expensive matter, and as the charge is not allowed to be a public one the officers have to dig deeply into their pockets merely to enable the musicians to blow C natural instead of C sharp—a musical change of so small a compass as to be appreciated only by those who are highly sensitive to musical sounds. New instruments for the five bands of the Brigade of Guards will mean an expenditure of approximately £2,500 or £3,000. The total estimated cost to the Army is somewhere in the region of £80,000

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

CHAIRS *are the* INDICATOR *of the Development of* CULTURE *in* EUROPE

BY Harriet Dickson

So far as research has been able to show, chairs, until the late Middle Ages, were not included among household gods.

Etchings and sacred pictures show Christ and the Virgin Mary seated on chairs. Old sculpture in wood or stone provided a seat for sacred personages; everyone else sat huddled together on a common bench, or maybe stood. A picture, too, of a royal reception in France at the beginning of the sixteenth century seats the two sovereigns on chairs, but places all the guests on forms. The chair was a throne. It was the aristocrat among furniture. The Renaissance was destined to introduce the democrat, and become incidentally the model for every country in Europe.

It must not, however, be forgotten that ancient Egypt designed and made chairs thousands of years B.C. More, they knew them in almost every modern guise as chair proper, stool, form, and sofa. Since then they have even changed but little, save in the democratic atmosphere surrounding the introduction into homes.

But is there any piece of furniture which gives so intimate a picture of daily life throughout the centuries?

When the chair entered democratic circles it developed quickly. About the beginning of the fifteenth century the original design was that of a three-legged stool with the addition first of a back and then arms, more or less decorative according to its station in life. Alongside what to-day seems an obvious development, some inventive spirit contrived a portable space-saver in the form of a folding chair. These were at first used in churches before they became domesticated, and were composed of spars of wood, straight and curved, which shut up like scissors, hence their Continental name, scissors chairs. There was one variety which had a straight immovable seat and movable arms stretching from the top of the back to the front of the seat, with sloping armrests in fact, which were extraordinarily comfortable. Others had straight arms where the seat folded up and the back was leather and stuff, both kinds skilfully and adroitly made.

From the Figdor Collection

IN ADVANCE OF ITS AGE: *A fifteenth-century armchair emblazoned with the Arms of Savoy. It came from a warrior home in the Val d'Aosta. It embodies workmanship of no mean order and the comfort of the carved and curved back suggests a later age*

The development by way of a backless stool is shown in a chair illustrated, one of the most beautiful examples of its kind left to posterity. Known to art-lovers as the Strozzi chair, it was for generations the property of that family, who lost it in times of financial stress. It came eventually to that famous collector of furniture, Dr. Figdor of Vienna, and is to be auctioned in a few weeks.

The family attributes it to no less a master than the Florentine Benedetto da Majano. But whoever its maker it remains a work of art, and now a unique example of what the Renaissance could do to a plain Gothic design. This Strozzi chair and one other from Northern Italy are the gems of the Figdor Collection. The second is an armchair, the Val d'Aosta chair as it is called, from its valley of origin. Here again is the three-legged type, and though of the fifteenth century it reveals the idea of comfort but seldom seen. The semi-circular seat has a rounded back held together by means of heavy iron nails with rounded heads. For decoration it has the Savoy Arms and some quaint figural ornamentation. Under the seat a band of Gothic trellis carving is introduced. Curiously, this treasure came from a warrior's castle.

From the Figdor Collection

UP FOR AUCTION: *The famous Strozzi chair inlaid and carved, allegedly the work of Benedetto da Majano, Florence, 1490. The Renaissance influence in the Gothic is seen in this glorious piece*

An interesting space-saving touch by way of Italy is seen in the box chair. The original stool forsook its three-legged characteristic and developed instead a back and front, thus keeping pace with tables. This front and back were carved, and between the two came a box. The back remained richly carved, sometimes to match, or often with a coat of arms.

During the sixteenth century, when household chairs became general, these were of very solid workmanship. This is particularly true of the folding-chairs which were subject to that function, and where carved wood especially demanded a solid frame.

There were nursing-chairs in the seventeenth century. Children's chairs of the same time had bars to prevent the child falling out and were made, too, with a solid and most practical foundation. Revolving chairs for study or business were an invention of the fifteenth century, and when this evidence of culture reached the peasant homes of Europe there were three- and four-legged varieties with straight seats and wonderfully carved backs.

In the latter half of the sixteenth century the heavy armchair came into general use. It was a long way from the hard, upright stool of the previous era, with its rich coverings in tapestry or brocade, its comfort and luxury. With their insight into the manner of life of past centuries, with glimpses of princes and people, town and country, these chairs are a kind of commentary on Europe after the Dark Ages, struggling to recapture something of the glory that was lost.

FROM THE SERENE REPUBLIC: *An elaborate armchair, Venetian in make and design. Comfort, elegance, and luxury followed in the wake of the Renaissance*

PEASANT ART: *German peasant chairs of the seventeenth century. Three legs have become four, but seat and back remain straight*

A SPACE-SAVING DEVICE FROM ITALY: *The chair developed like the table with wings back and front instead of legs. Between, a box is placed*

The CONSTANT CHARM of PERIOD FURNITURE.

This Jacobean oak-panelled room seen below has been removed from Nettlestead Chase, near Ipswich, and can now be seen at Waring and Gillow's. The ceiling, however, of this room is modern, and the curtains, too, are a reproduction of an original Italian damask. In the corner is a James II chair, while that at the table is Tudor

THE CHARM OF QUEEN ANNE. *An original tall-boy, a winged chair, a carved and a gilt mirror, and a knee-hole table from Harrods of Knightsbridge*

COMBINATION: Jacobean, Caroline, and Tudor well blended by Waring and Gillow

WILLIAM AND MARY: An old and small walnut bureau on its original stand—by M. Harris of Oxford Street

REPRODUCTION: A fine example by Harrods of Knightsbridge of a copy from a William and Mary walnut chair in silk velvet

The PERPETUAL CHARM of the PERIOD ROOM.

Three very Attractive Designs Displaying the Persistent Beauty of Queen Anne, and William and Mary, even in these Days of Stark Modernity

THE BEAUTY OF QUEEN ANNE: Although the panelling of this room was made and erected in a castle in the North of England about 1725 it retains the typical Queen Anne details and proportions. The woodwork was removed and re-erected, and can now be seen at Howard and Sons', Ltd., of Berners Street, exactly as it stood in the castle. Paint has been removed from the woodwork, and the pine has now attained a wonderful colour with wax polishing. The chimney-piece is of a later date, but is a suitable addition to the room. In the centre there is a mahogany circular library table, date about 1790, which has drawers in the frieze and a morocco-lined top. The mahogany Chippendale chairs have a particularly interesting fret design to the backs. The chest of drawers is a typical Shearer design

A HAPPY *MÉLANGE*: A group of William and Mary and Queen Anne walnut furniture from Gill and Reigate's. The tapestry is a reproduction of a piece of old Brussels needlework, which was made on hand-looms by descendants of the workers of the original

ANCIENT AND MODERN: This attractive room, decorated by Hampton and Sons, Ltd., is an interesting example of the successful combination of the modern and the antique. The panelling, the beams, and the fireplace, are all the work of modern craftsmen, and yet they form an harmonious background for the Hepplewhite chairs, the Georgian table, and the Hepplewhite side-table. The Chippendale arm-chair on the right still has its original needlework covering. On the right-hand side of the fireplace is a late Queen Anne card-table

MORNING, NOON, and NIGHT in SUMMER

Three Creations of Distinction Pictured Specially for "The Sphere" by

PETER NORTH

MORNING: A charming black and white ensemble for morning wear comes from Debenham and Freebody. The hem of the flared skirt is edged with piqué, and the same material is used for the collar, the buttonière, and the cuffs. From the pocket on the right side hangs a chiffon handkerchief embroidered with a scarlet monogram

NIGHT: This evening gown, carried out in wine-coloured chiffon, is designed by Norman Hartnell. The tucks of the bodice are graduated. Two long scarf ends tie at the back, and there is a narrow belt at the waist-line

NOON: Printed chiffon patterned in black and red is the medium chosen for this delightful, summery frock, which is worn with a simple hat of crinoline straw. The short cape trimmed with fur is separate from the dress, and is tied in the front with a bow. The sleeves are long and finished at the wrist with several small buttons. By Debenham and Freebody

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THE OFFICERS' MESS: The well-appointed room at Harben Armoury, Pond Street, Hampstead

The CASE for the CADETS

A Representative Cadet Battalion Visited by "The Sphere"

Considerable consternation has been caused by the suggestion that official recognition should be withdrawn by the War Office from the various cadet organizations throughout the country. The issue is in train of being ardently fought out on grounds uncomplicated by any discussion on the concomitant proposal that the Government grant should be withdrawn. It is the view of most persons in a position to judge that the parents, and not the members of the National Teachers' Union, are more fit to decide whether their children should be in a cadet battalion or no.

A meeting was held recently at which Lieut.-General Sir Hugh Jeudwine and Colonel Sir Henry M'Mahon were present, the latter in the chair, when representatives of the various affiliated Territorial Corps, of the Public and Secondary Schools Association, of the Church Lads' Brigade, and of the Jewish Lads' Brigade decided on the course they should pursue in answer to the action of the Secretary of State for War. The withdrawal of recognition would prevent the continuance of the privileges—the rifles, loan of camp equipment, the use of War Office sites and camping grounds, and the assistance of the H.Q. of the local Territorial Associations—privileges which are highly valued.

IN DRILL ORDER: A detachment of the Royal Fusiliers Cadet Corps

The pictures on this page were taken by a special SPHERE operator at Harben Armoury, Pond Street, N.W.3, where a representative organization, the 1st Cadet Battalion, Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), have their headquarters. This organization, which draws its personnel from the working-class youth between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, holds its parades three times a week. The curriculum includes physical training, gymnastics, boxing, miniature rifle shooting, organized games, and ceremonial drill. In addition, signalling and ambulance work are taught. Instruction in field-training is given once a month, and an annual camp is held. The unit, incidentally, was inspected recently by Field-Marshal Sir George Milne, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O.

A SECTION OF THE BAND: The drums of the drum and fife band of the Cadet Battalion

P.T.: A section of the cadets receive valuable instruction in physical training

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WARING & GILLOW'S spacious galleries in Oxford Street have a special interest for the connoisseur and collector of fine furniture First in importance is the unusually fine collection of English Antique Furniture, Tapestries, Decorative Pictures and Needlework. Rare examples of French, Dutch, and Flemish periods are also included

The examples illustrated above are typical of the collection and show a section of an Oak Panelled Room of approximately 450 square feet, recently acquired from Toftwood Old Hall, Norfolk. Of the James 1st Period, this panelling is 8ft. high and is surmounted with frieze and cornice with gauged honeysuckle and palm carving. Also one of a pair of very fine carved Walnut Stools of the William and Mary Period ; an unusually fine and richly carved James II Chair, and a beautiful piece of Jacobean Embroidery, size 6ft. 9ins. square, in its original condition

Photographs of interesting pieces, with descriptive details, submitted on request

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THE QUEEN OF WINES

How Dom Perignon, a Benedictine Monk, Discovered a Method of Bottling Wine with Stoppers made of Cork, which Converted the Fluid into a Sparkling Wine Hitherto Unknown to the World

Although the discovery of wine which "gladdeneth the heart of man" is veiled behind the dense mists of time, everyone knows that it is recorded in Genesis that "Noah planted a vineyard and drank of the wine." That, according to Bishop Usher's chronology, was over 4,250 years ago, while 250 years later the Chinese Emperor, Ching-Noung is said to have made rice wine.

So far as has been discovered, however, many centuries had to go by before wine was introduced into Europe, for although it has been maintained that grapes were indigenous to the Mediterranean shores of France, Italy, and Spain, as well as in Sicily, a colony of vine-dressers from Phocea, in Ionia, settled in Marseilles and taught the southern Gauls the art of tilling and dressing the plants and trading in wine about 600 B.C.

Vine cultivation, however, remained essentially a Continental industry. It was not until 1552 that it was introduced into England.

Although Tokay may be regarded as the Emperor of the Vineyard, for "Imperial Tokay" has long been acclaimed by the poets, who have made more reputations than they are popularly credited with, champagne, with its exquisite beauty of colour, the irresistible fascination of its sparkle, and the thraldom it exercises over the mind and senses of man, has been universally crowned the queen among the products of the grape.

Like so many famous discoveries it was mere chance which led to its manufacture.

From the third century A.D. vines had been imported into the champagne country by the Romans, where they were cultivated and improved by the religious order, who remembering, no doubt, St. Paul's admonition that Timothy should "take a little wine for his stomach's sake," recognized the health value of fermented grape juice, which under their fostering care rapidly became a means of material progress and prosperity.

Under the protection of the monasteries most of the vineyards increased in importance and value. The result was that about the fourteenth century vineyards covered the district, and from that time forward their wine was proudly offered to the kings of France when they went to Rheims to be crowned.

The wine of the province of Champagne was then regarded as the chief treasure in the cellars of the king and his nobles, and Henri IV delighted to style himself "Lord of Ay," in compliment to the town near Epernay, which was then, as now, one of the great wine districts.

In addition to being the religious as well as the dynastic centre of France, Rheims was, as it still is, the dominant city of the Champagne country through the peculiar value of its soil and that of the neighbouring country for viti-culture.

It is the peculiar quality of the soil of the river and the mountains which give the grapes of the district their special value for making champagne. By the river it is alluvial, interspersed with some clay and sand, while on the mountain it is largely of a chalky nature.

It was at the very end of the seventeenth century that Dom Perignon, a Benedictine monk who managed the cellars of the Abbey of Hautvillers, near Epernay, from 1670 to 1715, discovered the method of bottling the wine so as to retain its sparking qualities combined with perfect limpidity and the pale colour, which is so distinctive.

Before his discovery the wine, when bottled, was corked by pads of hemp or cloth steeped in oil. Dom Perignon was the first man who used corks for stopping his bottles. Having corked some bottles filled with partially fermented wine, he found on opening them that instead of being still, as heretofore, the confined carbonic acid gas evolved in the final processes of fermentation had given a new appearance and quality to the wine, whose sparkle he and his brethren in the monastery found exceedingly pleasant and attractive.

Naturally the people who obtained their wine from the monastery were quick to observe and to appreciate the new quality as well as the beauty imparted to the wine by the effervescent gas, and all sorts of fables were invented to account for the novel presence of the mysterious bubbles which kept on rising from the bottom of the glass.

Dom Perignon, who died in 1715, and a statue to whom has been erected in the country, did not allow his secret to die with him, and from that day to this the manufacture of champagne has gone on with increasing care and consequent success.

Despite its popularity in France it was not introduced into England until towards the end of the eighteenth century. It had, therefore, probably all the qualities of novelty when Sheridan wrote *The School for Scandal* in 1777, and Charles Surface, paying tribute to its exhilarating quality as—

"The wine with the bubbles
That dispels all your troubles,"

declared, "I am never so successful as when I am a little merry. Let me throw on a bottle of champagne and I never lose—at least I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing."

Contrary to what most people would imagine, champagne, with its exquisite colour tinged with gold, is made from black grapes, not white.

The grapes, which need much careful and costly cultivation through spring and summer, are gathered rapidly in the autumn, placed in baskets, and carried without loss of time in light carts with soft springs to the presses, where the juice is extracted by continuous gentle pressure to separate it from the pulps and skins, which latter contain the colouring matter. Were the grapes allowed to ferment the liquid would dissolve the colouring matter from the skins and so destroy the value of the wine.

It is only the juice extracted by the first application of pressure which is suitable for champagne. This juice is immediately put into barrels and taken to the establishments of the buyers where the "must," as it is called, appears to be in a state of ebullition, swelling and hissing under the influences which occur through the action of the ferments naturally present in the juices.

The cold of winter stops this fermentation, and the wine becomes clear and limpid. It is then that the experts taste and blend the products of various vineyards in such proportions that the best features of each will show to advantage and acquire the characteristics of the house whose name the champagne bears.

Unlike claret and burgundy, champagne is not sold in the name of the parish, estate, or château on which the grapes are grown, but of the shipper who is responsible for the blending of the wines of the various vineyards.

It is for this reason that the wine of Messrs. Charles Heidsieck of Rheims, for instance, is known exclusively by their name. The firm was founded in the year 1851 by Monsieur Charles Camille Heidsieck, whose son and four grandsons all have "Charles" as their first name.

Such was the skill and experience brought to the blending of the wines by him that the "Charles Heidsieck" brand rapidly became one of the most famous and favourite champagnes in the world, with the result that to-day the firm holds the Royal Warrant of Appointment to H.M. King George as well as to the King of the Belgians, the King of Sweden, and other monarchs, and its name enjoys the highest esteem of connoisseurs.

The cellars of Messrs. Heidsieck are of two kinds—modern ones lined with brick, and older ones of chalk which extend for long distances underground, and are capable of holding a stock of several millions of bottles. The necessity for these extensive cellars can be better appreciated when it is remembered that champagne must be kept for several years at a proper temperature to arrive at its greatest perfection.

These chalk caves or "crayères," as they are called, are quarries dug to a depth of 100 ft. below the surface of the ground. They are excavated from the pure chalk.

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HEAD-DRESSES and the HAIR :

and other Matters of the Woman's Sphere

By Marjorie

Fine black crinoline has been used by Emile, 24, Conduit Street, for this modish head-dress; it is finished with a butterfly bow and caught with a diamanté clasp

The season is rapidly approaching its zenith, and women are beginning to feel the strain of their innumerable social engagements, with the result that their faces are taking unto themselves a weary look. A fact that is not nearly as well known as it should be is that Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W., is responsible for unique beauty treatments; they really do achieve the work that is claimed for them. There is the Radio Active Mask specially prepared for greasy skins, as it regulates the action of excessive secretive skin glands. Furthermore it persuades the glands to yield up their impurities and tightens relaxed muscles. Neither must it be overlooked that there is the Pink Plastic Mask, which has a particularly beneficial effect on dry skins; it drives certain nourishing ingredients into the skin and robs it of all suggestion of shininess.

PERMANENT WAVING.—There is no doubt about it that the art of permanent waving has been brought to a state of perfection in the Emile salons. There the wave is modelled by the fingers of the hairdresser after the necessary kink has been given by the machine. It is the Gallia Process that is used; it has been adopted by many Parisian hairdressers; it will be recalled that M. Emile has also salons in Paris. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that white and silver hair can be permanently waved without fear of it losing its beauty. This firm is responsible for an extremely interesting brochure showing the various ways of waving the hair. It will gladly be sent post free on application and should be most carefully studied by those whose hair is growing.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.—Now that the hair is allowed to grow longer, the problem that confronts many women is the best way of keeping unruly tresses in order. Emile therefore are warmly to be congratulated on having created some altogether charming head-dresses for evening wear, two of which find pictorial expression on this page. The one on the left is of fine black crinoline finished with a butterfly bow caught with a diamanté ornament. The other is likewise of black crinoline enriched with diamanté; it is available in many colours. Sometimes a fringe of coral beads is introduced at the nape of the neck; it is ever so decorative and holds the hair in position. Another conceit is to place an ear-ring in the right ear; from this springs a rope of pearls which is finished with a clasp which nestles in the hair on the left side.

Cash's washing ribbons will stand the strain of vigorous exercise and will not break or fray. The work of the woven names is to prevent the loss of personal and household linen when sent to the laundress

It is the debutante that will look with favour on this crinoline head-dress; it is of the bonnet persuasion enriched with diamanté; it may be seen at Emile's, 24, Conduit Street, W.

WASHING RIBBONS.—There is nothing that has a more ageing effect on the mentality and on the appearance than worry, and among the minor troubles of life is the frequent loss of garments when sent to the laundress. Now this is a thing that may be easily conquered by marking every garment with Cash's names; they are woven on fine cambric tape in fast colours and are sold practically everywhere. Another achievement of this firm is their double radiant washing satin ribbon; it is just right for the adornment of lingerie. The countess and princess ribbons are made of artificial silk, or rayon as it is sometimes called; they are available in a variety of fashionable colours; and then there is the duchess; they are all of exalted merit.

FOOTWEAR FOR EVERYONE.—Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, W., are responsible for a particularly interesting brochure entitled *British Boots and Shoes for Everyone.* A casual glance through the same will convince all and sundry that the prices which prevail are exceedingly moderate; nevertheless the footwear is of exalted merit. For instance, there are black glacé kid shoes with steel buckles and French heels for 24s., brown glacé kid Court shoes with Louis heels being 21s. 6d., brogue willow shoes in tan willow calf or black box calf being 25s.

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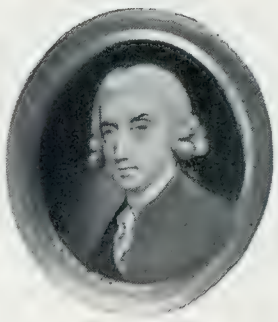

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I have heard superior people sneer at the beauties of Switzerland, not because of any peculiar quality in those beauties, but rather because of their more or less universal appeal. There seems to me no sense in that attitude. One might as well sneer at moonlight on a still sea because its loveliness strikes at every heart.

The trouble is that Switzerland, a small country of less than 16,000 square miles and less than 4,000,000 resident inhabitants, provides a range of natural beauties unsurpassed anywhere in the world. In the course of a single easy itinerary you are brought face to face with more marvels of Nature than in any other itinerary in any other part of the world.

Put briefly and vulgarly, you get more for your money in Switzerland than you do elsewhere. Little wonder, therefore, if it continues to be popular. The superior critic, disliking on principle what the crowd admires, may, if he chooses, travel farther and fare worse. We shall leave him to his superior ignorance, or at most send him a post card from the Jungfrau!

There is, however, one thing which I should like to point out before proceeding to any general account of Switzerland. In spite of the immense popularity of Switzerland among tourists there is no need to think of that country as sheer "playground"—a conglomeration of hotels with an occasional alpine peak in between. No indeed. Those alpine peaks are very large. Scores of shy valleys nestle to their flanks. Lakes flood forth from their bases; all the tourists who visit Switzerland in a summer season are not enough to disturb them. A few spots, of course, are over-run, but to over-run all Switzerland, or even half of it, would be a formidable task.

If you must escape from trippers—where do you draw the line between the tripper and the traveller?—it is as easy to do so in Switzerland as in parts of Italy or France, and easier than in Britain. Even from Interlaken, in the heart of summer, I have rambled by valley and meadow without meeting a single fellow-tourist. If you would vary your enjoyment of natural beauties with a rich medievalism, run into towns like Morat, Burgdorf, and Romont, where more than five hundred years slip away, and with them every thought of Switzerland as a "playground."

Nevertheless, the "playground" aspect of Switzerland is a very useful one. Most of us, escaping from pretty hard and sustained work, like to play now and then. We shall not quarrel with the authorities of Switzerland because they make our play so much jollier than it might be. Their luxurious hotels, organized amusements, comfortable transport, and reasonable prices, are exactly what we want. In the few following notes I shall touch upon the resorts which excel in this connection.

It is customary for travellers from the West to enter Switzerland through Basle. You might make this a centre from which to visit North-West Switzerland and the Jura. The town itself has certain engaging characteristics and a number of architectural curiosities, but I have never had much desire to stay there any length of time. But from it you may visit the Jura, the Black Forest, the Vosges, and the Rhine. There are some delightfully picturesque towns and villages in the

IN THE CANTON OF GRISONS: The road from Thusis to Splugen, passing Andeer

neighbourhood—Rheinfelden, which is also a spa; Wettingen, near the pretty little resort of Baden; and a dozen and one attractive spots on Lakes Bienne and Neuchâtel.

Coming to South-West Switzerland, you have several of the principal resorts in Switzerland, with Geneva as their centre. It is also one of the most interesting parts of the country from an historical point of view, with picturesque old towns like Romont, on the Lausanne-Berne line. Among the old towers of Romont it is easy to recreate the picturesque day when Habsburg and Zähringen, Kyburg and Savoy, struggled for supremacy among these peaks and valleys.

The leading resort is probably Lausanne. It is one of the prettiest towns on the lake, with a character that leans distinctly towards eighteenth-century France. The lake itself, in the neighbourhood, is sheer loveliness, and from the meadows behind, which are starred with flowers, there are superb prospects of lake and alpine peak. Together with its little port of Ouchy, it has developed into an international summer resort, with quite a gay little lake *plage*. Montreux, "beautiful as a dream," is another of the well-established resorts in this part of Switzerland. Although its social events are as many as Lausanne's, it has, perhaps, a quieter air.

The neighbouring canton of Valais offers some contrast with the rest of Switzerland. It is softer, and sunnier. Sierre, for example, shares with Locarno the privilege of being the warmest spot in Switzerland. Here are picturesque towns like Sion, with its twin castles of Valère and Tourbillon, quiet little resorts like Champes, and more celebrated ones like Loèche-les-Bains and Zermatt. Zermatt, of course, at the foot of the highest Swiss summits, is one of the finest mountain centres in Switzerland.

But the grandeur of Switzerland is nowhere more strikingly exhibited than in the Bernese Oberland; there, it seems to me, the true majesty of the Alps is felt close at hand. Its great centre is of course Interlaken, and I cannot think of any other town which so successfully brings the diverse beauty of the Alps to its very door. In spite of its service of mountain railways, which even conquer the Jungfrau, it provides for the visitor an unsurpassed experience of alpine scenery and alpine solitudes; and possesses some of the loveliest walks in the whole country. Thun, on its exquisite lake, Beatenberg, Lenk, Lauterbrunnen, Wengen, and Grindelwald are among the other resorts of the Oberland.

In the heart of Switzerland you have Lucerne, with its unique and immortalized lake. The incomparable situation of Lucerne, the historical aspect of its ancient quarters and the animation of its modern, assure its popularity as a tourist resort.

The centres of Swiss intellectual and industrial life are encountered in the east, where Zurich is the most important city. This part of Switzerland contains some of the most picturesque towns and scenery in the country—towns like Schaffhausen, the Swiss Nuremberg, castles like that of Steckborn, and lakes like that of Constance. Coming down to the south-east, its aspect undergoes a gradual change until, at the Grisons, it develops characteristics wholly unlike those of the rest of Switzerland. Both in climate and scenery the Grisons provides special peculiarities.

Here you have a crop of mountain resorts ranging from 2,000 ft. to 6,000 ft., with magnificent peaks diversifying every prospect but permitting the existence of rich, spacious, and sunny valleys. The principal resorts of the Grisons are Thusis, with its famous Via Mala; St. Moritz, perhaps the gayest resort—winter or summer—in Switzerland; Maloja, at the highest point of the Engadine valley, looking out towards the vine-clad slopes of Italy; and Pontresina.

For a final word I shall say something of routes. Starting from London, Switzerland is usually entered via France. The routes via Paris are still the best for the Rhône Valley or Geneva. Switzerland may also be reached by air from London via Paris to Basle and Zurich. The recognized routes are these:

(1) Via Calais or Boulogne, Laon, Rheims, Belfort, Basle. (2) Via Calais, Laon, Belfort, Delle, Berne. (3) Via Paris, Troyes, Belfort, Mulhouse, Basle. (4) Via Paris, Dijon, and Dôle for (a) Neuchâtel and Berne; (b) Lausanne and Geneva. (5) Via Paris, Mâcon, Bourg, and Bellegarde for Geneva and Chamonix. R.E.

A SWISS CHALET: One of the attractive green-shuttered dwellings that star the alpine slopes

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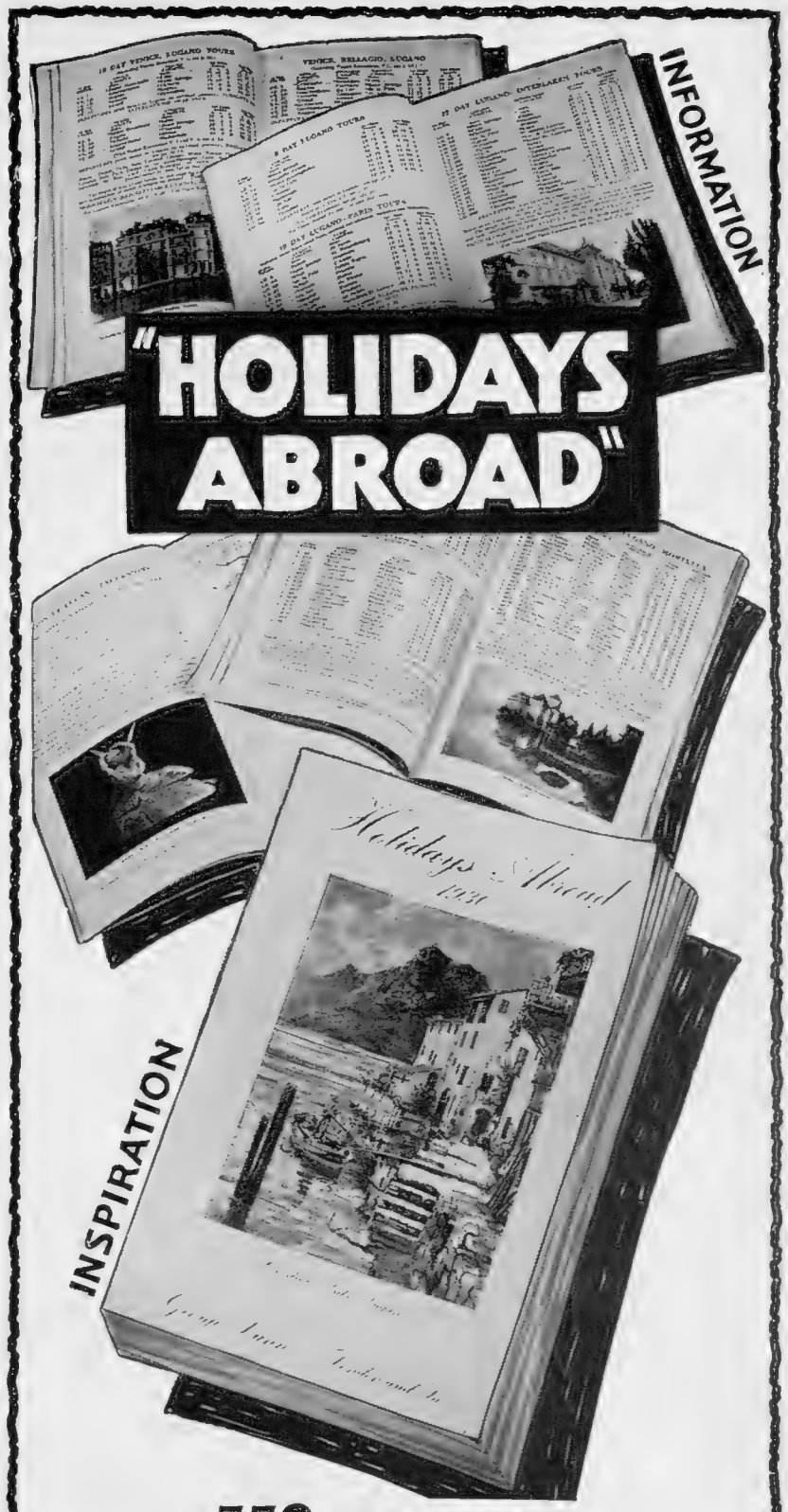

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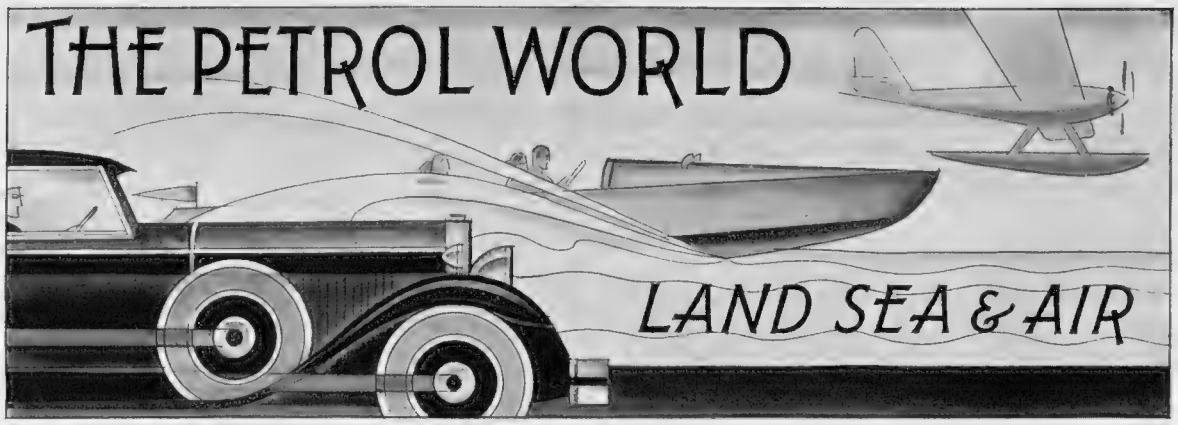


Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

A BRITISH TRIUMPH.—At last the British motor trade has definitely swept the board in a race of international importance. By taking the first four places in the Junior Car Club's Double Twelve Hour Race this country has scored a remarkable victory. Last year practically all the important events of a similar nature held in Britain and Ireland were won by foreign-built cars. It is a healthy sign, and all due credit should be given to the successful manufacturers. It is particularly gratifying that this outstanding success should be registered in a twenty-four hour race, where not only speed but consistent reliability is an essential factor.

The two Bentley cars that came in first and second were never seriously challenged, and the much-expected duel between them and the Alfa-Romeos was never of a serious nature. The speed at which the race was won was some miles per hour faster than on the same occasion last year, a fact which I think shows that the British cars have improved to a greater extent than is the case with their foreign competitors.

The organizers of the meeting, the Junior Car Club, are to be congratulated on the way the race was run, and had it not been for the very unfortunate and regrettable accident the event would have gone down in history as one of the most successful of its kind ever held.

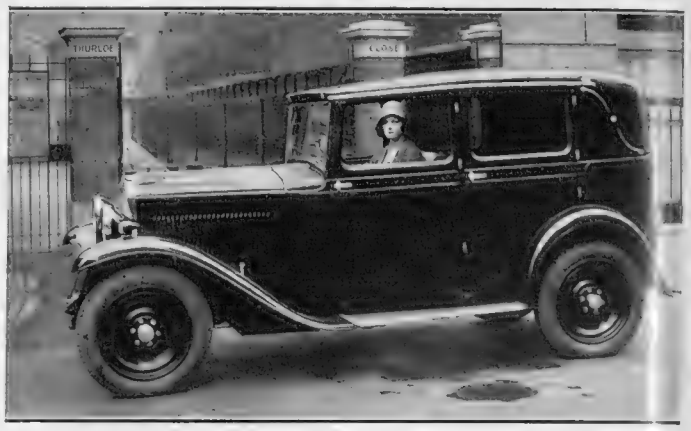
HOW A RACE IS ORGANIZED.—There is undoubtedly much confusion in the minds of the general public owing to the immature and ill-informed comments which appeared in the lay Press as to who lays down the rules and regulations for an important event of this description. First of all there is L'Association Internationale des Automobile Clubs Reconnus, which is a body composed of representatives of all nations interested in motor-racing and sport, and whose headquarters are in Paris.

They hold frequent meetings, and not only control all motoring sport, but also confirm and promulgate all records. They have what is known as a Sporting Code, the regulations of which apply to all important motoring fixtures. In every country there is in addition the national controlling body, which in Great Britain is the Royal Automobile Club. They have standard regulations which also govern these events, and these are known as the general competition rules. No body or person can hold a motor race, trial, or competition without applying and receiving a permit from the R.A.C. These permits are not granted unless the governing body are satisfied that the course and the organizers are suitable for the event. Also before the permit is granted the draft regulations for the competition have to be approved, and in this way the R.A.C. keeps a very strict control on all sporting matters in the motoring world.

Then again the Brooklands track authorities have

(Continued on following page)

A Meteor in the Mountains : One of the new Rover Meteor sportsman's saloons undergoing a strenuous test among the Welsh mountains, from which it emerged with the highest honours



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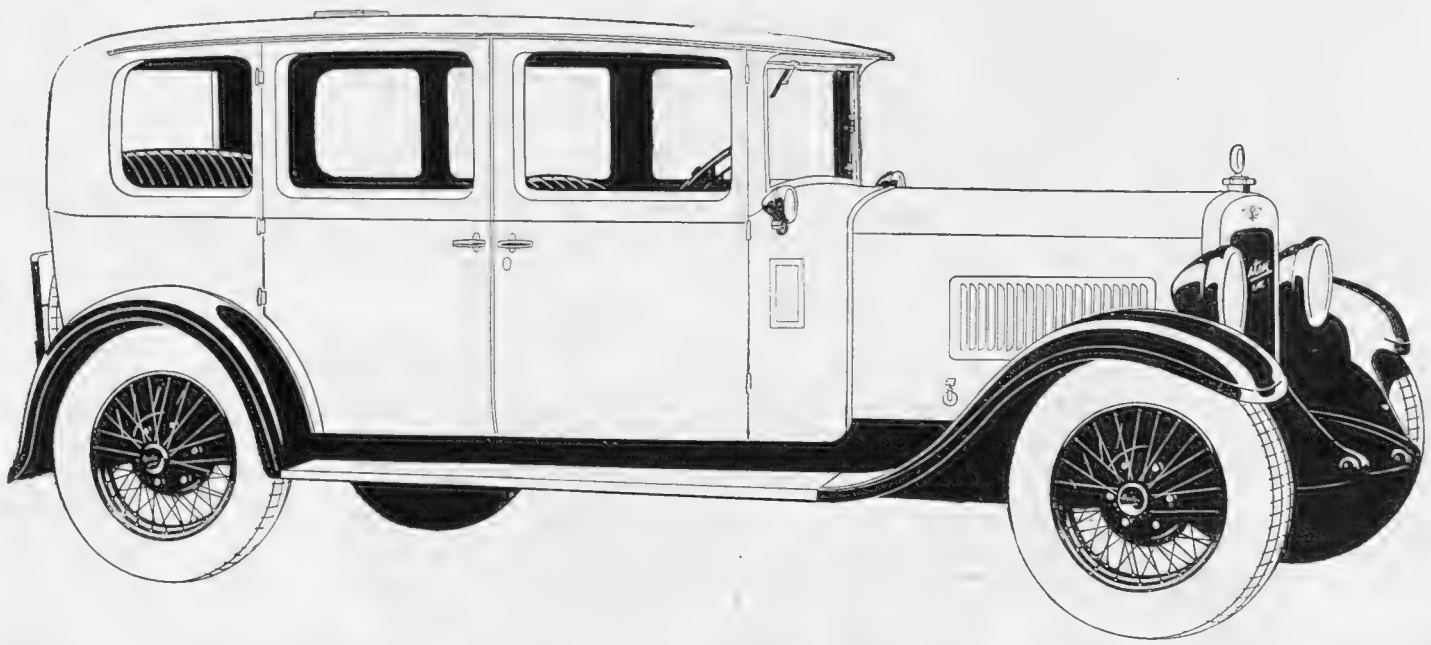

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The Petrol World (continued)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

their own racing rules and supplementary regulations, which are applicable to the track, and every event run on the Brooklands motor-course can only be held with these regulations in force.

It will be seen, therefore, that far from there being any laxity in control there is a very tight grip on any body holding an event at Brooklands. When the race is actually staged, the club responsible for the organization has a certain number of stewards present to see that the rules are carried out, and that the safety of the competitors and the public is not imperilled. These stewards are usually appointed on account of their experience, either in the organisation of events, or on account of their experience at the wheel of fast cars. In addition the R.A.C. itself appoints a steward to work with them.

After every meeting the stewards draw up and submit a report to the R.A.C. regarding the conduct of the meeting in general, and should they see anything unduly dangerous this would, of course, be included, and the R.A.C. would be thus informed.

STRICT SUPERVISION.—Then again it is the usual custom when races at Brooklands are held, and also when races in Ireland are organised, for those responsible to refuse permission for any driver to start unless some responsible official duly appointed by the organizing club has definitely seen him complete the circuit a number of times, so that before the actual start every competitor is bound to know the course over which he will have to drive. I do not know of any other sport which is so strictly controlled as that of motor-racing, but I have no doubt that if the authorities can in any way make their regulations tighter they will do so.

A certain section of the lay Press has asked all sorts of questions regarding the suitability of the track for modern racing cars. As a matter of fact in the Double-Twelve no such question could possibly arise because none of the cars competing were commonly known as racing cars. The event was only open to "hotted-up" sports cars running with their full equipment of wings, windscreen, hood, spare wheels, etc. It has been suggested that the track was designed for a maximum speed of 120 m.p.h. Such a figure is a product of imagination, as it is not in any way founded on fact. It originated in the early days when Mr. S. F. Edge put up a twenty-four hour record shortly after the track was built. His speed worked out at just over 60 m.p.h., and when someone asked him if the track was safe at such a speed, he stated there would have been no danger had he gone at twice the rate. So far as I can make out, that is the manner in which this mystic figure of 120 m.p.h. has come into the picture.

The track was built in the years 1906 and 1907, and it is continually being altered and improved so that it is always up to date. We have the word of such well-known people as Mr. Kaye Don and Lord Howe that it is probably the safest track in the whole world. Motor-racing must have an element of risk in it, and those that compete realize this to the full, and that is probably the reason the sport appeals so strongly to the keen British motorist.

The Horse Pu'lman: A luxurious motor horse-box van mounted on the 6-cylinder Daimler C.F.6. 'bus and coach chassis. The above example is equipped for four horses, with accommodation for attendants, and was recently supplied through Mr. George Duller to Victor Emmanuel, Esq., of Rockingham Castle

THE "YELLOW" PRESS.—As regards the particular accident, I think I am correct in saying that it is unique in the world's history of motor-racing. The only one that is in any way similar was that which occurred in Monza, Italy, which track, incidentally, is probably the latest built in Europe. There the car leapt into the crowd and caused many deaths amongst the spectators. Where it differed from that at Brooklands was that the cars were coming off the curve and their momentum actually caused them to jump a wide moat and crash through stout railings. No precedent can be found for the Brooklands accident, which took place on a part of the course that is dead straight, and which should, therefore, according to all calculation, be the safest part of the track.

It is to be regretted that some sections of what I might term the "stunt" Press in this country should in their thirst for sensationalism not only overstep the bounds of fairness but should also add to the distress which such an accident unfortunately brings with it. Is it necessary for a newspaper reporter to pay a visit to the unfortunate bereaved in an accident such as the Brooklands one and then callously ask for a photograph

(Continued on following page)

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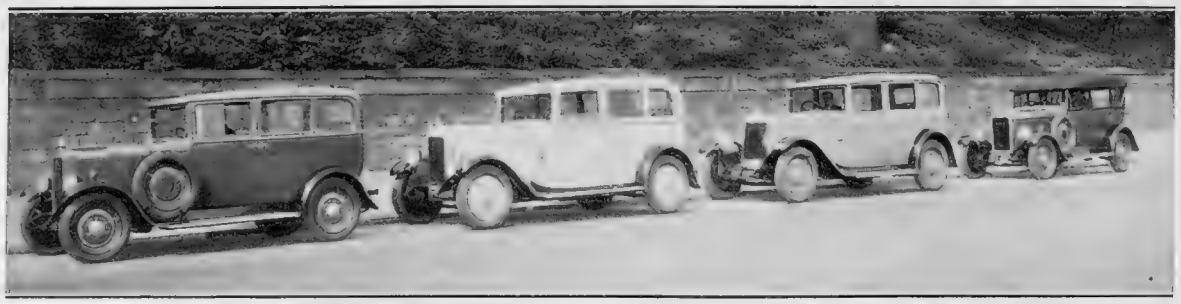
THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from preceding page)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY



A Pilgrimage of "Saints": A fleet of four Armstrong Siddeley cars named St. George, St. Andrew, St. David, and St. Patrick, and painted red, white, blue, and green, is now touring the country and will be seen at all the important social gatherings of the season. St. George and St. Patrick are 12-h.p. models and St. David and St. Andrew are 15-h.p. and 20-h.p. cars with self-changing gears

of the dead person, when those in charge are doing their best to be the first to break the news with the object of doing so in a manner that will result in the minimum of shock.

I think that the newspaper proprietors should look into this custom as I feel certain that although the great British public is always eager for news it does not desire the feelings of the bereaved relatives to be unduly hurt.

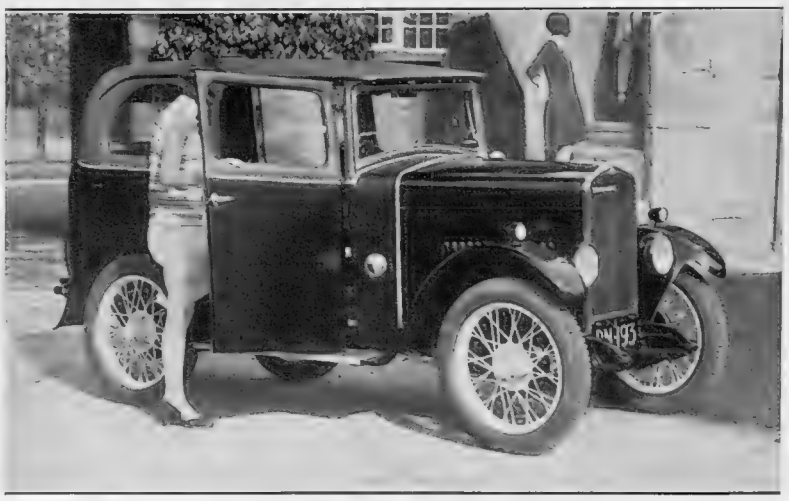
The freedom of the Press is a great ideal and deserves every support, but there is always a danger of newspapers being used to further private ends to the detriment of innocent parties; that is another question which cannot be overlooked, and it is a danger which always exists.

A NEW SERVICE STATION.—Owners of Standard cars will be interested to learn that on Monday, May 12, the Standard Motor Company, Ltd., opened a palatial new service and repair depôt at Standard Road, Chase Estate, Park Royal Road, London, N.W. 10.

These premises have been specially built for the purpose, and Standard owners will find that every facility is available both for quickly and efficiently dealing with repairs and adjustments to their cars, and for the owners' personal comfort and convenience. The old depôt at 149, Lupus Street, Pimlico, London, S.W. 1, where all service and repair work has been carried out in the past, will be closed. Standard owners should make a note of the new address, which is The Standard Motor Company, Ltd., Standard Road, Chase Estate, Park Royal Road, London, N.W. 10.

AN EXAMPLE WORTH FOLLOWING.—At the present time efforts are being made to prevent our countryside being spoilt by the erection of unsightly advertising devices, but few people appear to have turned their attention to the improvement of our towns. There is no denying that many factories are most hideously ugly, and that the repellant nature of their appearance must necessarily have its effect upon the unfortunates who live in the vicinity. Sometimes this is inevitable; sometimes it can be averted.

A case in point may be found in the vast Birmingham works of Singer and Co., Ltd. The buildings themselves are by no means unpleasant to the eye, for they are of modern construction and stand well back from the road. The manufacturers have laid out the front with delightfully fresh-looking lawns and ornamental trees up to the point where it meets the pavement. The result is that the factory itself is dominated by a park-like frontage, providing a pleasant relief from the dread appearance usually found in town areas. This is also improved, rather than spoiled, by the novel display of advertisements of the company's products in the background.



Not a "Bouncing" Baby: A Triumph Super-Seven fabric saloon whose vibrationless engine and excellent suspension make it one of the steadiest baby cars in the world

MISSING THE AUTOMATIC SIGNALS.—There are now over forty towns in Great Britain where automatic traffic signals operated by means of coloured lights are working. The principal difficulty associated with this system of traffic control from the private motorist's point of view is that unless previous warning of the existence of automatic signals is received it is an easy matter to over-run them, and so commit a technical breach of the law.

At a conference on automatic signals last year the R.A.C. drew the attention of the Ministry of Transport to this point, suggesting that the entrances to all towns where such systems are in use should display a warning sign of prescribed size, wording, and colouring indicating that automatic traffic signals are in use in that particular town. The Ministry of Transport has adopted the R.A.C. suggestion and has now issued a recommendation to all local authorities on the subject, specifying the type of warning signs to be used and where they should be placed.

"BUY BRITISH AND BE PROUD OF IT"

MORRIS officially recommend

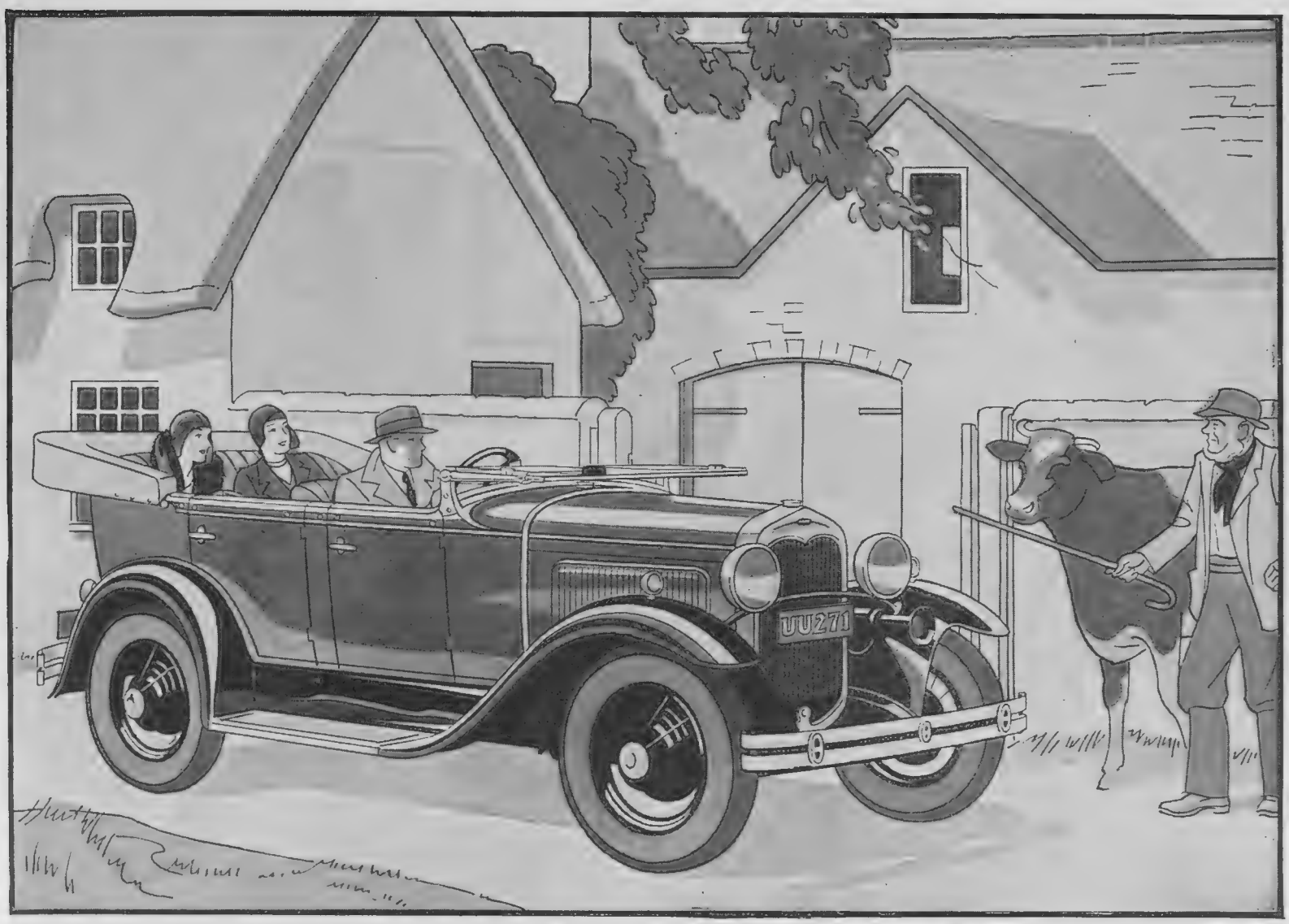
WAKEFIELD CASTROL MOTOR OIL

In buying a Morris, you have been wise and patriotic. By using CASTROL as advised by Morris, you can continue to buy the product of an ALL-BRITISH Firm—and be 'proud of it.' For CASTROL is recommended on the filler cap of every Morris car. British brains have perfected a lubricant as famous for economy as for speed. Moreover, CASTROL has conquered carbon. Your Morris deserves it!

FREE! May we send you a MORRIS Lubrication Wall Chart? Please give date and model.

C. C. Wakefield & Co. Ltd., ALL-BRITISH Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

THE NEW FORD TOURER



Striking new grace and distinction . . . . added safety and comfort . . . . no increase in price

The new model A Ford car brought a new realization of motoring comfort and safety to millions of people, in every walk of life, throughout the world.

To have added to that dependableness a strikingly fresh beauty and distinction, with further substantial additions to safety and comfort, is the latest Ford achievement.

The crowning significance of the many improvements is that they have been made with no increase in price.

NO INCREASE IN PRICE

(Ask especially about low Ford insurance)

Tourer	£180
Tudor Saloon	£195
Coupe	£215
Cabriolet	£225
Fordor Saloon (3 windows)	£225
De Luxe Fordor with sliding roof	£245

All prices at Works, Manchester.

See for yourself, without fail, at the nearest Ford dealer's, the new Rustless Steel bright parts whose brilliance even scratches cannot mar. New deeper radiator and longer bonnet. New roomy bodies with flowing streamlines.

New lower and stronger wheels. New larger tyres. New springs, new lamps, new colours.

Remember also that, with new style and distinction, comfort and safety are still further enhanced. Be sure to have a trial run.

LINCOLN Ford Fordson

SCOTLAND FOR HOLIDAYS

CLYDE and LOCH LOMOND

are calling you—luring you to some of the world's most beautiful landscapes—offering you picturesque and inspiring coastal scenery, long vistas across lochs, heather-clad hillsides and mountain streams.

Richly endowed with nature's own gifts, the Clyde has, in addition, wonderful holiday resorts which are unsurpassed in their attractions. Glorious cruises by luxurious L.N.E.R. steamers take you to the heart of loch land, or charming centres where outdoor and indoor amusements provide holiday happiness.

Apply for free illustrated booklet No. 8, "Clyde and Loch Lomond Sailings," from:—

Passenger Manager, L.N.E.R. { Liverpool St. Station, E.C.2 York; or Waverley Station, Edinburgh.

Traffic Superintendent, L.N.E.R., Aberdeen; or L.N.E.R. Stations, Offices and Agencies.

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HAVE YOU GOT YOUR COPY?

KING'S CROSS for SCOTLAND

LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY

ON GETTING about by AIR

By C. G. GREY

(Editor of "The Aeroplane")

When Mr. Laughton O. Zigler, citizen of the U.S.A., and his automatic gun, which he was trying out with the Boer Army (as students of Mr. Kipling will remember), were captured by the Royal British Army, as he called it, he and Old Man Van Zyl, the Boer Commandant, with whom he was co-operating, were asked to dine with the G.O.C. and staff of the flying-column by whom they were caught. Old Man Van Zyl was slightly wounded, so the staff cooed over him and decided that he should be sent to a prison camp at Umballa because one of them knew a good doctor there. Said Mr. Zigler, "They talked in continents. It scared me cold."

Somewhat in the same way the non-flying person of to-day of whom there seem still to be an unseemly number, is apt to be mildly scared by the way in which flying people talk casually in continents. For years, perhaps for centuries, those who believe in the inherent goodness of humanity have lamented the existence of national frontiers and have pleaded for their abolition. And those of us who still travel as mere groundlings still gird at those same frontiers and the discomforts which they cause when we are herded sheep-like across them. Our happier or braver brothers and sisters who fly merely ignore them, and alight with bag and baggage where they will, to deal as individuals and not as members of a herd with amiable Customs officials who are themselves possessed of the flying spirit.

When any particular nation becomes a trifle difficult and imposes inconvenient regulations our aviators simply fly over it or round it. For example, when about two years ago the Government of Egypt started being very official about permits to fly in that country, and Mr. Bert Hinkler wanted to fly to Australia in a hurry he alighted in Italian North Africa, near the Egyptian border, filled up his tanks there, hopped over Egypt and alighted on the far side of the Suez Canal.

More recently, when Italy became somewhat exigeant in the terms which she demanded from our Imperial Airways, Ltd., for the use of Italian ports by our flying-boats on the air-mail route to India, Imperial Airways simply changed their route and arranged to fly round the North of Switzerland to Jugo-Slavia and Salonika, so that the stage across the Mediterranean covered by flying-boat now runs from Salonika to Alexandria instead of from Genoa. There must be a soul-satisfying feeling about being able to shift a route half-way across the Continent merely because of a slight commercial argument.

Some day our Chieftains of Big Business will traverse continents by air as cheerfully as they now cross the Atlantic on slight excuses. Already good examples are being set for them.

When the late Mr. Lowenstein took to flying about all over Europe some three years ago, and kept a private fleet of aeroplanes which would have equipped the Air Force of a Minor Power, he certainly did so partly for the sake of the consequent advertisement, but pure mobility was his chief reason. To-day Mr. Andrew Holt, one of Canada's leading bankers and financiers who has huge interests in Europe also, maintains a private aeroplane and uses it as most people use their cars.

"JUST LIKE A CAR!" The Blackburn Bluebird light aeroplane complete with an engine-starter and side-by-side seats. Passengers can converse without earphones. World distribution of this popular model is controlled by Auto-Auctions, Ltd., Burlington Gardens, London, W. 1

Another young head of big businesses who prefers flying to any other method of transport is Mr. Alan Butler, Mr. Butler is one of that family who in the previous generation built up the great tobacco firm of Lambert and Butler. Shortly after the outbreak of peace he learned to fly for fun. Then he took an interest in a combined air survey and air post venture in Newfoundland and Labrador, which faded out for lack of local opportunity, but was technically a huge success. And from it grew the Aircraft Operating Co., Ltd., which, under the able management of Major H. Hemming has surveyed tracts in Iraq, in India, and in Africa.

A couple of weeks ago, having attended to the little matter of presenting a highly profitable balance sheet to the shareholders of the De Havilland Aircraft Co., Ltd.—of which he is chairman, among his other activities—Mr. Butler set off with his wife (herself a pilot of real ability) to have a look at the work of the Aircraft Operating Co., Ltd., in Rhodesia, before going on to Brazil where the firm is doing a big job of air photography for the municipality of Rio.

Their departure was something of an event among regular followers of flying because they were going in a new and unusual aeroplane—not just because they were going by air, for that was purely a matter of course.

The point was that the machine, which had been built to the requirements of the Aircraft Operating Company by the Gloster Aircraft Co., Ltd., though designed specially for photographic surveys has new possibilities as a passenger-carrier. It has two engines and can fly safely on either of them if the other goes wrong, whereas most big aeroplanes can only just fly on two of their three engines. It has a top speed of 130 m.p.h., and a cruising speed of well over 100 m.p.h. against the 95 and 80 respectively of most big aeroplanes, so that if it does have to butt into a 40-m.p.h. head-wind it can still make respectable speed over the ground. And it lands comfortably at about 45 m.p.h., against a usual 50 to 60 m.p.h. The aeroplane was quite new, yet she made the journey to Cape Town with barely a mishap.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler took one mechanic with them, and about as much luggage as one would take on a steamer trip, besides a stock of spare parts for the machine for use during her work in Rhodesia. They did not hurry. At Bulawayo, the headquarters of the Aircraft Operating Company for their Rhodesian survey contract, they were joined by Major Kennedy-Cochran-Patrick, who is in command of the work.

THE PRINCE'S PILOT: Squadron-Leader Don in an R.A.F. Westland Wapiti aeroplane at Cardiff

Family pastimes

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Puts New Life into Your Car

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD

British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Britannic House Moorgate, E.C.2. Distributing Organisation.

AN OLD FRIEND LONG BEFORE IT IS AN OLD CAR

The beauty of friendship as compared with relationship lies in the fact that whereas your relations are made for you, you can choose your own friends.

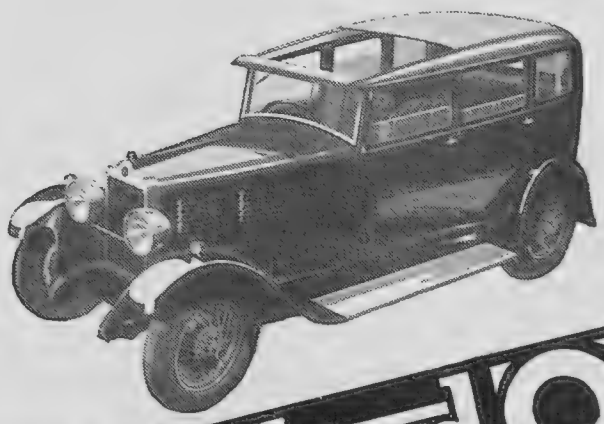
That is one reason why you should choose a "Standard" as your next car—you'll never make a better friend.

There's no doubt about it—this is a "Standard" year! Immediately they were introduced—the famous "nine" and the 2-Litre 6 Cylinder—each model was accepted by the public as easily the best in its class, and the old adage that "Nothing succeeds like success" is certainly proving true where the "Standard" is concerned!

The Standard "Nine" Saloons from £185.

The Standard 2-Litre 6 Cylinder Saloons from £325.

There's interesting literature awaiting any enthusiastic motorist.



The All-British **Standard 9** TEIGNMOUTH SALOON.

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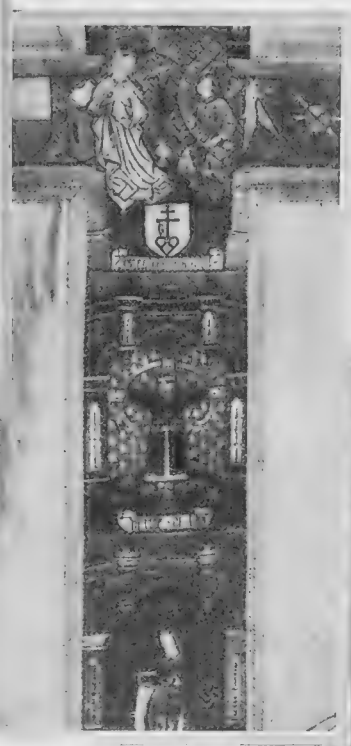
An Exhibition of MEDIEVAL ART

at South Kensington and a Designer of Ecclesiastical Glass Mosaic Decoration of To-day

all the examples of English medieval work for which a high artistic importance can be claimed have been gathered together into the North Court from the various departments of the Museum; and with these have been combined at least an equal quantity of loans selected on the same principle of excluding objects of purely archæological interest and choosing, when possible, only the best.

GLORIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES: King Richard II, lent by Westminster Abbey. The Guild chair from St. Mary's Hall, Coventry; and two painted oak figures from the Corporation of Vicars Choral, Wells

English Medieval Art has for many years been the object of study in this country and on the Continent, as well as of general appreciation. But no attempt has hitherto been made to gather into one place a collection which, however limited by considerations of space, should at any rate give some idea of the general development of the art. The Victoria and Albert Museum indeed possesses treasures in all the various materials into which its collections are divided, but they are necessarily scattered throughout a large building. In the present Exhibition a good deal more has been attempted. Practically



OF YORKIST AND TUDOR DAYS: A chasuble of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries embroidered with cloth of gold and inscribed in Latin

THE PRIOR'S CHAIR: One of the stalls in Dunmow Priory—the town of the flitch

MOSAIC OF TO-DAY: A section of the work in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Droitwich, all of which has been designed by Mr. Gabriel Pippet

In "The Sphere" of April 5 a picture appeared of Mr. Maurice R. Josey, a skilled workman in glass mosaic, engaged on designs in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Droitwich Spa, the only modern church in the world to be decorated in glass mosaic. It was, however, not mentioned that the whole scheme—design and supervision both—is the work of Mr. Gabriel Pippet, under whose direction Mr. Josey is working.

30%

saving in fuel cost

—with greater heat radiation

"Bell" Dutch Tile Fireplaces have won their popularity through fine craftsmanship, exclusive material and specialised knowledge. Evidence of the superiority of Bell Products is found in the numerous letters of appreciation which we constantly receive from satisfied users.

Here is testimony from a Hampstead customer :—

"I should like to take this opportunity of referring to the Bell Grates which you recently supplied to my house at Hampstead.
"From a practical point of view they are the cleanest type I have had out of four different houses, each with different types of grates. Also, from an economical point of view, results are, so far, astonishing. I think, without exaggeration, we are saving at least 30% of fuel although, apparently, the heat is greater.
"My various friends have already passed comment on the appearance and neatness of these grates, and it will always be a pleasure to me to recommend them wherever possible."

Write for our Art Catalogue "S.5.", showing a variety of designs of Hand-made brick and Dutch Tile Fireplaces.

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All "Bell" Fireplaces are despatched from the works slabbed, ready for fixing, and complete with curbs. Lasting and efficient service guaranteed.

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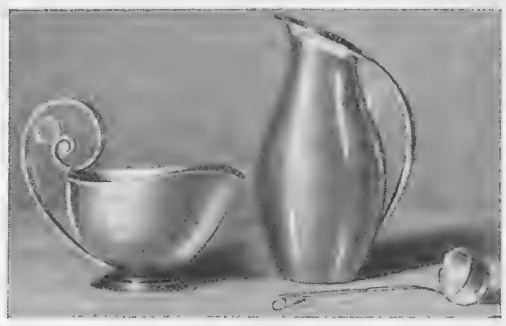
Georg Jensen Silver



THE modern cocktail set—the more dignified wine-cooler—the most exquisite of candelabras—the daintiest of bon-bon dishes, almond baskets, fruit tazzas and ice cups—such are the silver studies of Georg Jensen.

Remember, there is a sort of social tradition about silver, and the art of Georg Jensen is the aristocrat of it all!

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THE SUPREME HOME CINE CAMERA

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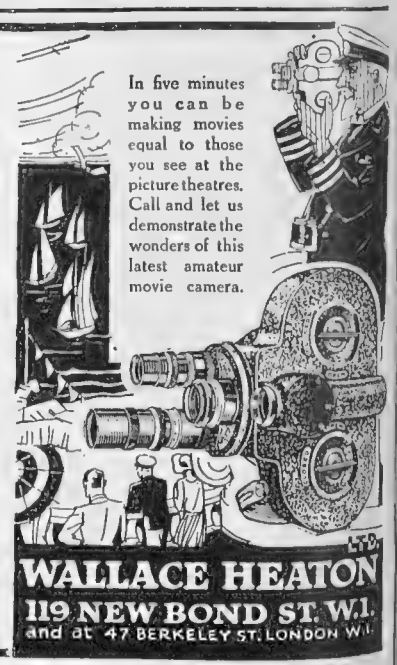
gives every feature desired by the most ambitious movie maker, yet is as simple to operate as a snapshot camera. With the seven speeds and turret for three lenses you are a successful movie maker under all conditions of light, and at any distance from your subject, in ordinary Speed or Slow Motion. Price £75

Write for lists.

Your present camera taken in part exchange.

In five minutes you can be making movies equal to those you see at the picture theatres. Call and let us demonstrate the wonders of this latest amateur movie camera.



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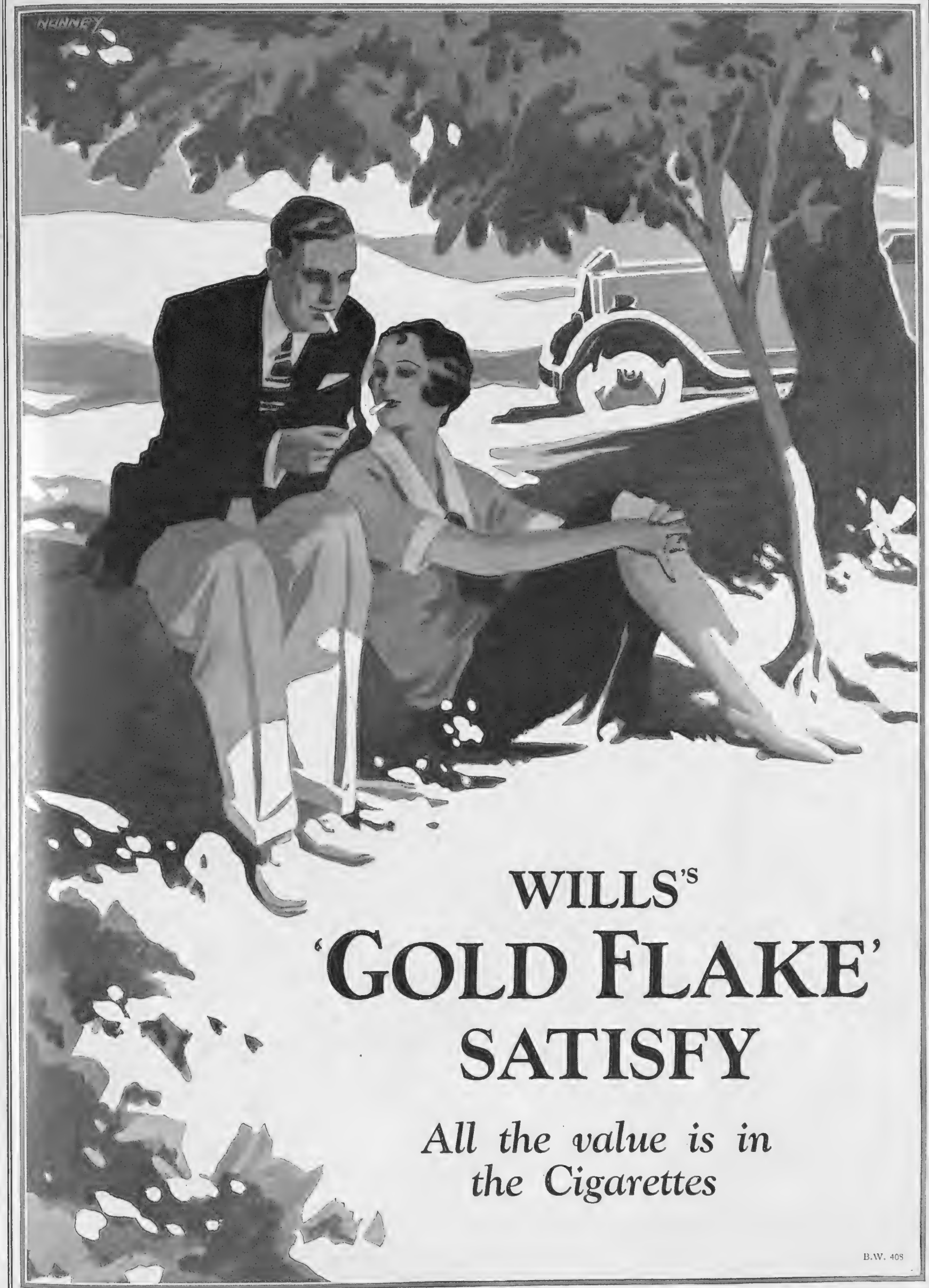

WILLS'S
'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY

All the value is in the Cigarettes

B.W. 408

FRANCE discovers her WEALTH

(Continued from p. 385.)

it was up to 556. But this rise in the cost of living is largely due to over-taxation, and it may be expected to cease when the incidence of taxation has been made less steep. The average income-tax figure is now equivalent to about 2s. 6d. in the pound; it is difficult to strike an average owing to the complicated scales and allowances, but while French income tax is much less than England in the lowest grades, it is about the same at the top of the scale, as it is more steeply graded against large fortunes.

The estimates in this year's Budget provided for a total expenditure of a little less than £400,000,000, or about half the British expenditure. There were increases under most heads, but the largest was for pensions, and most of the others were made up of demands for social services—a fact which indicates that the French Treasury has money to spare and is embarking on schemes of progressive social reform.

A complete scheme of social insurance has been passed for the first time, and a beginning is being made with free secondary education, for long the distant ideal of the progressive parties. At the same time France can afford to build a complete new navy and to spend more than before on her other fighting services, as well as indulging in such luxuries as the complete fortification of her frontiers and Government subsidies for purchases of light aeroplanes.

While Waterloo Bridge sinks lower into the London clay, an additional sum of 20,000,000 francs is set aside for the upkeep of ancient monuments in France. The normal total of unemployed is about 1,300. Altogether, the French taxpayer, after having made the necessary effort to heave this country out of the rut, is justified in looking forward to a very good time to come. He may well cast pitying glances across the Channel.

ITEMS of General INTEREST

ERRATUM

In THE SPHERE of May 10 it was stated that the martyr, the blessed John Southworth, was hanged, drawn, and quartered for heresy. It has now been brought to our attention that the martyr was not a heretic in the Catholic Church, but suffered the extreme penalty purely on the grounds that he was a Romish priest.

THE GLORY THAT *IS* GREECE

The attractions Greece offers to tourists are many and varied. Perhaps no other land possesses such multiplicity of interest. The country is itself one vast museum, on every hand are evidences of man's activity during countless generations. Here we see not only the remains of that glorious civilization wherein lie the origins of the art, architecture, literature, and political structure of our present-day world, but the paths of man have crossed and recrossed this land generation after generation, always leaving bits of history in stone or marble, till to-day Greece is a composite picture of the world's progress during countless centuries. It is an inspiration to roam through the haunts of Agamemnon and Ulysses, Diogenes and Socrates, Pericles and Demosthenes; to view battlefields where decisive victories in the struggle between East and West were fought; to visit the hill where Xerxes wept for the defeat of his great Armada, the Mound of Marathon, or the Pass of Thermopylæ. An admirable map of Greece has been published and is, together with much other information valuable and interesting to prospective tourists, available at the Anglo-Hellenic League, 53-4, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

Bassano

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE RACE-COURSE BETTING CONTROL BOARD: A new portrait of Sir Clement Hindlay, who received from the King at Newmarket con. gratulations on the succes of the Board's fully-mech-anized Totalisator on the Rowley Mile course

HOSPITAL SATURDAY FUND

At the fifty-sixth annual meeting of the Hospital Saturday Fund, held at the Mansion House, the Earl of Malmesbury, chairman of the fund, presided over a large and enthusiastic gathering of supporters. It was announced that in spite of industrial depression the income of the fund for the past year amounted to £82,616, which had mainly been received through the regular weekly collections in the business houses and factories of the metropolis. Over 80,000 subscribers and their dependants had been assisted in obtaining hospital and dental treatment, admission to sanatoria and convalescent homes, in the provision of surgical appliances, including spectacles and removal to or from hospital by motor ambulance.

"QUEEN LOUISE": An exquisite mezzotint by Ellen Jowett from the oil painting at Cologne by Gustave Richter. Messrs. Frost and Reed, Limited, of Bristol and King Street, St. James', London, are publishing this series, limited to 325 impressions, at £12 12s. each

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A very satisfactory report has been received from the Admiral inspecting on the excellence of the work still carried on in the *Arethusa* Training Ship. He says: "The boys are smart and alert, and appear to be happy in their work. The physical condition of the students was Very Good, and the physical training Very Good I. Gymnastics, Seamanship, and School were all Very Good, and Signals were Very Good Indeed. The entire staff impressed me most favourably as to their efficiency, keenness, and sense of duty." Such a work needs great support to carry on, and we hope that all readers of THE SPHERE who can will send a contribution addressed General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

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Blazers made to measure in Stripes or Plain Colours.

Hand Embroidered Badges a speciality.

Single Sweaters made to order on Hand Frames, trimmed in any Colours.

Special Light Weights for Summer, from **22/6**

Single Scarves made to order in any Colours in either Silk or Wool.

Light Weight Wool for Summer, **12/6**

We hold, probably, the largest range of University, School, Club and Regimental Colours. Silk Ties are stocked in both our Special Pure Dye Reppe, price **5/6,** and our Uncreasable Weave, price **7/6**

Royal Artillery Ties we have now produced in our Uncreasable Weave, price **7/6**

Full Price List on application.

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TAKEN at meal-time, Vichy-Célestins is a very pleasant and *proved* corrective for gastric trouble and liver disorders. It gives zest to the appetite and helps one to enjoy a hearty meal—without fear of digestive derangement.

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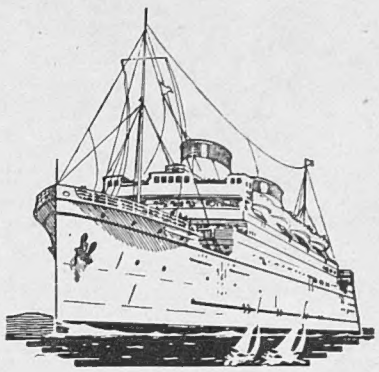

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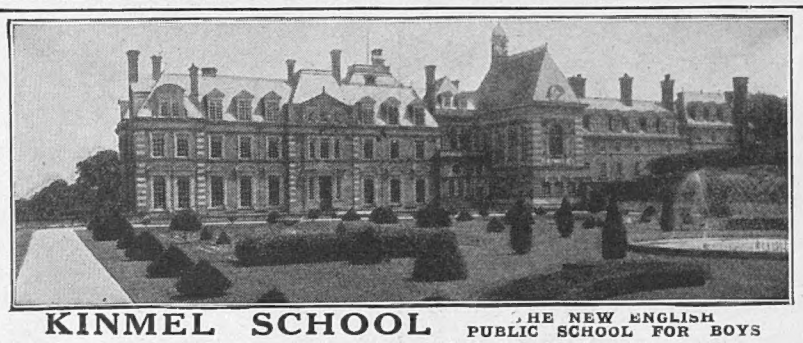

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Lady Angela: "Sorry, can't stop, Ted. Going to Sandown, you see, so am rushing to my bank for some money."

Sir Edward: "Money. What on earth do you want it for at Sandown? I'm quite sure you don't owe any to the 'ring.'"

Lady Angela: "Don't be foolish! Of course not; but I'm going to back my fancies on the 'Tote' to-day, and you know it's all cash."

Sir Edward: "Wonderful how some people walk around full of blissful ignorance. Haven't you read the papers lately?"

Lady Angela: "What about?"

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Sir Edward: "Simply that you can use the Racecourse Telegraph Office for wiring him your bets."

Lady Angela: "Seems good, but suppose I hear of a good thing at the last minute or two."

Sir Edward: "Makes no difference, you can telegraph right up to the 'off.'"

Lady Angela: "Splendid. In that case I'll not need to go to the Bank."

Sir Edward: "No, let's go to the Berkeley and have a cocktail; far more interesting."

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London

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